HIS LAST CENT—By F. Hopkinson Smith

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HIS LAST CENT

By F. Hopkinson Smith

The Impecunious Painter and the Impatient Millionaire. How Waldo Saved Eighteen Dollars from a Twelve-Hundred-Dollar Check

JACK WALDO stood in his studio gazing up at the ceiling, or, to be more exact, at a Venetian church lamp which he had just hung and to which he had just attached a red silk tassel bought that morning of a bric-à-brac dealer whose shop was in the next street. There was a bare spot in that corner of his sumptuously appointed room which offended Waldo's sensitive taste—a spot needing a touch of yellow brass and a note of red—and the silk tassel completed the color scheme. The result was a combination which delighted his soul; Jack had a passion for having his soul delighted and an insatiable thirst for the things that did the delighting, and could no more resist the temptation to possess them when exposed for sale than a confirmed drunkard could resist a favorite beverage held under his nose. That all of these precious objects of bigotry and virtue were beyond his means, and that most of them then enlivening his two perfectly appointed rooms were still unpaid for, never worried Jack.

"That fellow's place," he would say of some dealer, "is such a jumble and so dark that nobody can see what he's got. Ought to be very grateful to me that I put 'em where people could see 'em. If I can pay for 'em, all right, and if I can't, let him take 'em back. He always knows where to find 'em. I'm not going to have an auction."

This last course of "taking his purchases back" had been followed by a good many of Jack's creditors, who, at last tired out, had driven up a furniture van and carted the missing articles home again. Others, more patient, dunned persistently and continually—every morning some one of them—until Jack, roused to an extra effort, painted pot-boilers (portrait of a dog, or a child with a rabbit, or Uncle John's exact image from a daguerreotype many years in the family) up to the time the debt was discharged and the precious bit of old Spanish leather or the Venetian chest or Sixteenth Century chair became his very own for all time to come.

This "last-moment" act of Jack's—this reprieve habit of saving his financial life, as the noose was being slipped over his bankrupt neck—instead of strangling Jack's credit beyond repair really improved it. The dealer generally added an extra price for interest and the trouble of collecting (including cartage both ways), knowing that his property was perfectly safe as long as it stayed in Jack's admirably cared-for studio, and few of them ever refused the painter anything he wanted. When inquiries were made as to his financial standing the report was invariably, "Honest but slow—he'll pay sometime and somehow," and the ghost of a bad debt was laid.

The slower the better for Jack. The delay helped his judgment. The things he didn't want after living with them for months (Jack's test of immortality) he was quite willing they should cart away; the things he loved he would go hungry to hold on to.

This weeding-out process had left a collection of curios, stuffs, hangings, brass, old furniture, pottery, china, costumes and the like, around Jack's rooms, some of which would have enriched a museum: a Louis XVI cabinet, for instance, that had been stolen from the Trianon (what a lot of successful thieves there were in those days); the identical sofa that the Pompadour used in her afternoon naps, and the undeniable curtain that covered her bed, and which now hung between Jack's two rooms.

In addition to these ancient and veritable "antiques" there was a collection of equally veritable "moderns," two of which had arrived that morning from an out-of-town exhibition and which were at this precise moment leaning against the legs of an old Spanish chair. One had had three inches of gilt moulding knocked off its frame in transit, and both bore Jack's signature in the lower left-hand corner.

"Didn't want 'em, eh?" cried Jack, throwing himself on to the divan, temporarily exhausted with the labor of hanging the lamp and attaching the tassel. "Wanted something painted with darning-needle brushes—little tooty-wooty stuff that everybody can understand. 'See the barn-door and the nails in the planks and all them knots!'"—Jack was on his feet now, imitating the drawl of the country art buyer—"'Ain't them natural! Why, Maria, if you look close ye can see jes' where the ants crawl in and out. My, ain't that wonderful!'"

These remarks were not addressed to the offending canvas nor to the imaginary countryman, but to his chum, Sam Ruggles, who sat hunched up in a big armchair with gilt flambeaux on each corner of its high back—it being a holiday and Sam's time his own. Ruggles was entry clerk in a downtown store, lived on fifteen dollars a week, and was proud of it. His daily fear—he being of an eminently economical and practical turn of mind—was that Jack would one day find either himself tight shut in the lock-up in charge of the jailer or his belongings strewed loose on the sidewalk and in charge of the sheriff. They had been college mates together—these two—and Sam loved Jack with an affection in which pride in his genius and fear for his welfare were so closely interwoven, that Sam found himself most of the time in a constantly unhappy frame of mind. Why Jack should continue to buy things he couldn't pay for, instead of painting pictures which one day somebody would want, and at fabulous prices, too, was one thing he could never get through his head.

"Where have those pictures been, Jack?" inquired Sam in a sympathetic tone.

"Oh, out in one of those God's-free-air towns where they are studying high art and microbes and Browning. One of those towns where you can find a woman's club on every corner and not a drop of anything to drink outside of a drug store. Why aren't you a millionaire, Sam, with a gallery one hundred by fifty opening into your conservatory, and its centre panels filled with the works of that distinguished impressionist, John Somerset Waldo, R. A.?"

"I shall be a millionaire before you get to be R. A.," answered Sam with some emphasis, "if you don't buckle down to work, old man, and bring out what's in you—and stop spending your allowance on a lot of things that you don't want any more than a cow wants two tails. Now, what in the name of common-sense did you buy that lamp for which you have just hung? It doesn't light anything, and if it did this is a garret, not a church. To my mind it's as much out of place here as that brass coal-hod you've got over there would be on a cathedral altar."

"Samuel Ruggles!" cried Jack, striking a theatrical attitude, "you talk like a pig-sticker or a coal baron. Your soul, Samuel, is steeped in commercialism; you know not the color that delights men's hearts nor the line that entrances. The lamp, my boy, is meat and drink to me, and companionship and a joy unspeakable. Your dull soul, Samuel, is clay, your meat is figures, and your drink profit and loss; all of which reminds me, Samuel, that it is now two o'clock and that the nerves of my stomach are on a strike. Let—me—see"—and he turned his back, felt in his pocket and counted out some bills and change—"Yes, Sam"—here his dramatic manner changed—"the account is still good—we will now lunch. Not expensively, Samuel"—with another wave of the hand—"not riotously—simply, and within our means. Come, thou slave of the desk—eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die—or bust, Samuel, which is very nearly the same thing!"

"Old John" at Solari's took their order—a porter-house steak with mushrooms, peas, cold asparagus, a pint of extra dry—in honor of the day, Jack insisted, although Sam protested to the verge of discourtesy—together with the usual assortment of small drinkables and long smokeables—a Reina Victoria each.

On the way back to the studio the two stopped to look in a shop window, when Jack gave a cry of delight and pressed his nose against the glass to get a better view of a small picture by Monet resting on an easel.

"By the gods, Sam!—isn't that a corker! See the way those trees are painted! Look at the air and light in it—not a value out of scale—perfectly charming!—*charming*," and he dived into the shop before Sam could check him.

In a moment he was out again, shaking his head, chewing his under lip and taking another devouring look at the canvas.

"What do they want for it, Jack?" asked Sam—his standard of merit was always the cost of a thing.

"About half what it's worth—six hundred dollars."

"Whew!" burst out Sam; "that's nearly as much as I make in a year. I wouldn't give five dollars for it."

Jack's face was still pressed against the glass of the window, his eyes riveted on the canvas. He either did not hear or would not answer his friend's criticism.

"Buy it, Jack," Sam continued with a laugh, the hopelessness of the purchase making him the more insistent. "Hang it under the lamp, old man—I'll pay for the candles."

"I would," said Jack gravely and in perfect seriousness, "only the governor's allowance isn't due for a week, and the luncheon took my last cent."

The next day, after business hours, Sam in the goodness of his heart called to comfort Jack over the loss of the Monet—a loss as real to the painter as if he had once possessed it: he *had* in that first glance through the window-pane; every line and tone and brush-mark was his own. So great was Sam's

sympathy for Jack, and his interest in the matter, that he had called upon a real millionaire and had made an appointment for him to come to Jack's studio that same afternoon, in the hope that he would leave part of his wealth behind him in exchange for one of Jack's masterpieces.

Sam found Jack flat on the floor, his back supported by a cushion propped against the divan. He was gloating over a small picture, its frame tilted back on the upright of his easel. It was the Monet!

"Did he loan it to you, old man?" Sam inquired.

"Loan it to me, you quill-driver! No, I bought it!"

"For how much?"

"Full price—six hundred dollars. Do you suppose I'd insult Monet by dickering for it?"

"What have you got to pay it with?" This came in a hopeless tone.

"Not a cent! What difference does that make? Samuel, you interest me. Why is it your soul never rises above dollars and cents?"

"But Jack—you can't take his property and——"

"I can't—can't I? His property! Do you suppose Monet painted it to please that one-eyed, double-jointed dealer who don't know a picture from a hole in the ground! Monet painted it for me—me, Samuel—ME—who gets more comfort out of it than a dozen dealers—ME—and that part of the human race who know a good thing when they see it. You don't belong to it, Samuel. What's six hundred or six millions to do with it? It's got no price, and never will have any price. It's a work of art, Samuel—a work of art. That's one thing you don't understand and never will."

"But he paid his money for it and it's not right——"

"Of course—that's the only good thing he has done—paid for it so that it could get over here where I could just wallow in it. Get down here, you heathen, take off your shoes and bow three times to the floor and then feast your eyes. You think you've seen landscapes before, but you haven't. You've only seen fifty cents' worth of good canvas spoiled by ten cents' worth of paint. I put it that way, Samuel, because that's the only way you'll understand it. Look at it! Did you ever see such a sky? Why it's like a slash of light across a mountain pool! I tell you—Samuel—that's a masterpiece."

While they were discussing the merits of the landscape and the demerits of the transaction there came a knock at the door and the Moneybags walked in. Before he opened his lips Jack had taken his measure. He was one of those connoisseurs who know it all. The town was full of them. A short connoisseur with a red face—red in spots—close-clipped gray hair that stood up on his head like a polishing brush, gold eyeglasses attached to a wide black ribbon, and a scissored mustache. He was dressed in a faultlessly fitting serge suit enlivened by a nankeen waistcoat supporting a gold watch-chain. The fingers of one hand clutched a palm-leaf fan. The fingers of the other were extended toward Jack. He had known Jack's governor for years and so a too formal introduction was unnecessary.

"Show me what you've got," he began, "the latest, understand. Wife wants something to hang over the sideboard. You've been doing some new things, I hear from Ruggles."

The tone of the request grated on Jack, who had risen to his feet the moment "His Finance" (as he insisted on calling him afterward to Sam) had opened the door. He felt instantly that the atmosphere of his sanctum had, to a certain extent, been polluted. But that Sam's eyes were upon him he would have denied pointblank that he had a single canvas of any kind for sale, and so closed the incident.

Sam saw the wavering look in his friend's face and started in to overhaul a rack of unframed pictures with their faces turned to the wall. These he placed one after the other on the ledge of the easel and immediately above the Monet, which still kept its place on the floor, its sunny face gazing up at the shopkeeper, his clerk and his customer.

"This the newest one you've got?" asked the millionaire in the same tone he would have used to his butcher, pointing to a picture of a strip of land between sea and sky—one of those uncertain landscapes that a man is righteously excused for hanging upside down.

"Yes," said Jack with a grave face, "right off the ice."

Sam winced, but "His Finance" either did not hear it or supposed it was some art slang common to such a place.

"This another?" he inquired, fixing his glasses in place and bending down closer to the Monet.

"No—that's out of another refrigerator," remarked Jack carelessly—not a smile on his face.

"Rather a neat thing," continued the Moneybags. "Looks just like a place up in Somesbury where I was born—same old pasture. What's the price?"

"It isn't for sale," answered Jack in a decided tone.

"Not for sale?"

"No."

"Well, I rather like it," and he bent down closer, "and if you can fix a figure I might——"

"I can't fix a figure, for it isn't for sale. I didn't paint it—it's one of Monet's."

"Belongs to you—don't it?"

"Yes—belongs to me."

"Well, how about a thousand dollars for it?"

Sam's heart leaped to his throat, but Jack's face never showed a wrinkle.

"Thanks; much obliged, but I'll hold on to it for a while. I'm not through with it yet."

"If you decide to sell it will you let me know?"

"Yes," said Jack grimly, and picking up the canvas and carrying it across the room he turned its face to the wall.

While Sam was bowing the millionaire out (there was nothing but the Monet, of course, which he wanted now that he couldn't buy it), Jack occupied the minutes in making a caricature of the Moneybags on a fresh canvas.

Sam's opening sentences on his return, out of breath with his run back up the three flights of stairs, were not complimentary. They began by impeaching Jack's intelligence in

"NO—THAT'S OUT OF ANOTHER REFRIGERATOR"

terms more profane than polite, and ended in the fervent hope that he make an instantaneous visit to His Satanic Majesty.

In the midst of this discussion—in which one side roared his displeasure and the other answered in pantomime between shouts of his own laughter—there came another knock at the door, and the owner of the Monet walked in. He, too, was in a disturbed state of mind. He had heard some things during the day bearing directly on Jack's credit and had brought a bill with him for the value of the picture.

He would like the money then and there.

Jack's manner with the dealer was even more lordly and condescending than with the would-be buyer.

"Want a check—when—now? My dear sir! when I bought that Monet was there anything said about my paying for it in twenty-four hours? To-morrow when my argosies arrive laden with the spoils of the far East, but not now. I never pay for anything immediately—it would injure my credit. Sit down and let me offer you a cigar—my governor imports 'em and so you can be assured they are good. By the way—what's become of that Ziem I saw in your window last week? The Metropolitan ought to have that picture."

The one-eyed dealer—Jack was right; he had but one eye—at once agreed with Jack as to the proper ultimate destination of the Ziem, and under the influence of the cigar which Jack had insisted on lighting for him, assisted by Jack's casual mention of his father—a name that was known to be good for half a million—and encouraged—greatly encouraged indeed—by an aside from Sam that the painter had already been offered more than he paid for it by a man worth millions—under all these influences, assistances and encouragements, I say, the one-eyed dealer so modified his demands that an additional twenty-four hours was granted Jack in which to settle his account, the Monet to remain in his possession.

When Sam returned from this second bowing out his language was more temperate. "You're a hummer, Jack," was all he said, and closed the door behind him.

During the ten days that followed Jack gloated over the Monet and staved off his various creditors until his father's semi-monthly remittance arrived. Whenever the owner of the Monet mounted the stairs by appointment and pounded at Jack's door, Jack let him pound, tiptoeing about his room until he heard the anxious dealer's footsteps echoing down the stairs in retreat.

On the day that the "governor's" remittance arrived—it came on the fifteenth and the first of every month—Sam found a furniture van backed up opposite Jack's studio street entrance. The gravity of the situation instantly became apparent. The dealer had lost patience and had sent for the picture—the van told the story. Had he not been sure of getting it he would not have sent the van.

Sam went up three steps at a time and burst into Jack's studio. He found its owner directing two men where to place an inlaid cabinet. It was a large cabinet of ebony elaborately carved and decorated, and the two furniture men—judging from the way they were breathing—had had their hands full in getting it up the three flights of stairs. Jack was pushing back the easels and pictures to make room for it when Sam entered. His first thought was for the unpaid-for picture.

"Monet gone, Jack?" he asked, glancing around the room hurriedly in his anxiety to find it.

"Yes—last night. He came and took it away. Here" (this to the two men), "shove it close to the wall," pointing to the cabinet. "There—now go down and get the top, and look out you don't break those little drawers. What's the matter with you, Samuel? You look as if somebody had walked over your grave."

"And you had no trouble?"

"Trouble? What are you dilating about, Samuel? We never have any trouble up here."

"Then it's because I've kept him quiet. I've been three times this week and held him up—much as I could do to keep him from getting out a warrant."

"Who?"

"Your one-eyed dealer, as you call him."

"My one-eyed dealer isn't worrying, Samuel. Look at this," and he pulled out a receipted bill. "His name, isn't it? 'Received in full payment—Six hundred dollars.' Seems odd, Samuel, doesn't it?"

"Did your governor send the money?"

"Did my governor send the money! My governor isn't so obliging. Here—don't stand there with your eyes hanging out on your cheeks; look on this—found it yesterday at Sighfor's. Isn't it a stunner? bottom modern except the feet, but the top is Sixteenth Century. See the way the tortoise-shell is worked in—lots of secret drawers, too, all through it—going to keep my bills in one of 'em and lose the key. What are you staring at anyhow, Sam?"

"Well—but Jack—I don't see——"

"Of course you don't see! You think I robbed a bank or waylaid your Moneybags. I did—took twelve hundred dollars out of his clothes in a check on the spot—wrote it right there at that desk—for the Monet and sent it home to his Palazzo da Avenue. Then I took his dirty check, indorsed it over to that one-eyed skinflint, got the balance in bills, bought the cabinet for five hundred and eighty-two dollars cash—forgive me, Samuel, but there was no other way—and here is just eighteen dollars to the good"—and he pulled out some bank-notes—"or was before I gave those two poor devils a dollar apiece for carrying up this cabinet. To-night, Samuel—to-night—we will dine at the Waldorf."

Ethics and Etiquette of the Forecastle

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

The Bad End of a Bad Man. How Sailors Regard Women. "Obey Orders and Break Owners." Mine and Thine at Sea

MUCH has been written by novelists and writers of sea stories of the deep religious faith inherent in the hearts of sailors; of how in time of danger their allegiance to and dependence upon the Creator comes to the surface and dominates all other emotions. And this reflection brings irresistibly to the writer's mind the memory of an experience which occurred shortly after, as a lad, he became a sailor.

Down in that boy's childish heart a hope for others was aroused one day by a conversation at the fore fife-rail where the watch on deck were making sennit. The topic was religion, and the line of argument was, which was the true and best denomination. The boy bravely declared that the Baptist, the church of his parents, taught the only true belief; but he was silenced by "Bad Jim," a Liverpool Irishman, who profanely voiced his opinion that each church was "worse than the rest."

How Sailors Honor Good Women

Yes, Jim was a bad man, and ultimately went to jail—not so much for his badness as his poor judgment of distance. He reached for Swanson's fifth rib in a fight off the Cape while Swanson, a big, strong man, was engaged in choking him, and miscalculating in the darkness he plunged his sheath-knife into the back of a Down-Easter named Johnson, who was trying to separate them. Had he prodded Swanson as he had intended, all might have been forgiven, as the "Dutchman" was a stupid incapable, disliked by all hands forward and aft, who had forehanded Jim on a rope and resented Jim's rebuke by knocking him down and shutting off his air supply. But Johnson was an efficient able seaman, disabled for a month. The captain would not forgive this, and the crew would not condone Jim's bad taste in punishing the wrong man; so Jim—a repentant pariah—was ironed in the half-deck for the rest of the passage, and sent to jail at Shanghai, his only friend in the ship being the boy who had tried to convert him, and who lightened his confinement in the half-deck by surreptitious visits with gifts of extra food and reading matter.

It was during these visits and talks with Jim that the boy heard the first expression of a sailor's strong devotion to pure womanhood; founded upon memories of a mother's love, a devotion intensified by distance, and fed reactively by the outpoured yearnings of his heart into the void of sea and sky—a sailor's religion, the unreasoning worship of good women. To the sailor there are but two kinds, the good and the bad—both born so. He recognizes no gradation or change, and if, in any special case, he is disillusioned, he is in the position of any other devotee whose belief has been shattered: his world has fallen from under him, and when he recovers from the shock it is not to adapt himself to the altered view-point, but to resume his faith, and fight strenuously for it.

Jim had his religion and its goddess, and he told the yarn. She was an Australian sheep-raiser's daughter, who as a child had prattled into his heart at a time when, in the temporary aberration of mind which occasionally attacks all sailors, he had sworn to live ashore. Years later, in Melbourne, he had recognized her leaving a carriage in front of a theatre; there were tears in her eyes, and her escort was speaking harshly and petulantly. It mattered not to Jim that the "toff" was her husband, as turned out later—he thrashed him soundly on the sidewalk, was jailed for the feat, and when released tramped up-country to his station to inform him that any further ill treatment of her would result in his death.

"An' it's kapin' him straight, me bye," said Jim; "fur he knows I'll hear of it, an' he knows I meant it. An' it's kapin' me straight, too. I've got to look out fur her, an' I can't get too drunk an' careless. Why, me bye, since I first saw that blissed little girl I haven't used me knife but foor times, an' each time in silf-definse; an' I've killed six in me time, long ago, when I didn't care." He shook his head sadly in conclusion.

Bravery that Wiped Out Disgrace

Nothing will so quickly lower a seaman in the estimation of his shipmates as a suspicion of cowardice. The writer once wiped out a deep and abiding disgrace by a lucky appeal to this very clause in seamanly ethics. Weak and demoralized by a long stay in the hospital from fever, he had shipped at a Florida port in a large schooner, and gone aboard when he had barely strength to lift his chest-lid. But his new shipmates were not immediately aware of this, and one of them, a healthy and husky young fellow of about his own size and weight (when well), drew him into a quarrel, and finished with an insult which would, in a border town, result in "gun play." The "weak and demoralized" one swallowed it, and endured the contempt of all until the schooner had loaded and sailed up with the Gulf Stream before a warm southerly gale to Cape Hatteras, during which time he gained strength. Off the Cape conditions changed. A howling nor'easter with snow came down from the Arctic which, meeting that contrary current, kicked up a sea that threatened to jerk the masts out. So cold was it that all hands, enervated by a winter in the tropics, went below, after the gaff-topsails were stowed, and donned clothing, even to overcoats and mittens, before further effort at shortening down. The next thing to come in was the jib-topsail, the outer headsail on a jib-boom that was dipping into each sea and quivering like a fish-pole. The down-haul led along the forecastle deck from the knightheads to the break, where the mate on the deck below stood taking in the slack as the sail came down. That down-haul was really a life line for the men hauling on it, as every sea came aboard in a cold, green lump, drenching them and washing them from their feet. Had the down-haul parted all would have gone overboard, but it held, and did the next worse thing—it drew a fold of the sail into the block on the boom-end and jammed. Not an inch more would come, and the sail was endangering the spar.

The mate promptly roared to "Lay out and clear that down-haul." The man farthest forward was the husky and healthy young fellow; he was nearest the jib-boom, and he answered the order, but hesitated—looking back at the mate and then at the Niagara ahead—just long enough to admit of the next man (the writer) climbing over him, stepping on his neck as he went, on the way out to the sail. He was nearly drowned before he got off the bowsprit to the jib-foot rope, and swallowed as much water as he carried in his boots, and here, with his stomach full, he took it into his lungs. Choking and gasping, with his weight doubled by four inches of water-soaked woolen cloth belted around him, fighting for his life and another man's jib-topsail—afflicted even at this moment with a discouraging stomach-ache—the dominant thought in his mind was his vindication, and had he the lung capacity he would have laughed at the raging sea.

As it was, he groaned from his raging stomach, and when he had cleared the down-haul, and helped furl the sail with others who followed him, he had to be assisted in. But the stigma was removed, and the husky young fellow became his ardent friend, humbly declining to argue against him in forecastle discourse, and expressing keen regret at parting from him at Boston.

"Obey orders if you break owners" and "It's a good man that can do as he's told" are aphorisms often heard at sea. They are the refuge of mediocrity or mistrust. Bullying officers will draw these expressions from the best of sailors—men who intelligently foresee needs and happenings, and are able to anticipate orders, but oftener they are spoken by apathetic or doubtful men in the face of uncertain judgment of their acts. They are safe rules to follow; for no skipper is so under-bred in shipboard etiquette as to blame a mate or sailor for obeying a mistaken order, even though the spars go by the board for it; and no sailor or subordinate officer expects rebuke because he waits for instructions. The superiors are supposed to see everything, know everything and order everything; and so well are they versed in their requirements that they oftener than not overdo the last.

"Growl ye may, but work ye must," is often delivered by an unkind officer, and is sometimes irately answered by "Work I can and growl I will" from a sailor—but not often; for such reply savors of argument, which is sternly frowned upon.

"Singing out" while pulling ropes is an accomplishment which, though not included in the code list, resembles charity in the number of sins it will cover; for a man with a good voice and the confidence to use it may lack seamanship, intelligence and breeding without risk of rebuke or ill-treatment; for he is worth an extra man to an ordinary watch—he makes hard work easy. As soldiers forget their fatigue while marching to music, so will sailors pull harder when they pull to measured shouts, yells and hurrahs of a shipmate.

By this is meant, not the musical chanteys of which so much has been written, and which sailors borrowed from negro slaves, but the wild, weird, formless melody that is used when crews are small, and that resembles nothing on earth but the crude attempts of savages to be tuneful. Its origin is lost in antiquity, but it is probably a survival of the days before articulate speech. A musician could probably jot it down on the scale and reproduce it, but it is difficult to describe. A succession of lingering howls composed of all the vowels and aspirants, but few consonants, rising and falling aimlessly, ending when the vocalist needs to breathe, and beginning again in the hidden rhythm which runs through the whole, is about all that can be said of it. It is seldom heard by landsmen, but is worth a little effort and travel to hear.

SAILORS' PRANKS, CROSSING THE LINE

Though social life in the watch below is of the crudest form, yet there is as rigid an observance of the few laws governing it as in the social life of village ladies—to whom etiquette means religion. If a man catch a fish so small that it is not a lunch for him, and can get it cooked for his next meal, let him remember to offer a share of it to others; his offer will not be accepted, but should he forget he might lose his fish.

A Man Who Wouldn't Share Tobacco

Though a man may guard his letters, photographs and small articles of personal value from careless scrutiny, he must not lock his chest. It might be smashed open and its contents scattered. Nor must he take too good care of his tobacco, even though he smokes but little and his watch-mates smoke much. Tobacco is free for all, and is generally left in sight of all, to be drawn upon by the nearest man.

Once (and it is a sad story) a ship ran out of tobacco. The captain had neglected to lay in a supply for the slop chest, but as the initial store ran low about the ship he shared his own, and the mates, steward and cook shared theirs with those who had not, until the last pipeful of each man aboard was smoked on the same day. Then there was a week of suffering until the mate observed sparks flying to leeward of the forecastle deck one dark night, and on investigating found the look-out smoking. He notified the watch and went aft. The watch investigated the look-out's chest—unlocked, according to rule—and found two pounds of plug, a cube eight inches square, secreted in a lower corner. It was carefully divided into shares for every man aboard from the captain down, and though the selfish owner was abused unmercifully, he received his share; for the code he had violated was greater than his offense.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by Mr. Robertson on this subject.

Jacky's Pay

AS ONE would suppose, the best-paid men of our service are those belonging to the artificer class. The highest paid enlisted men in the ship are the chief machinists of the branch just named, who receive seventy dollars a month for their very important work. Machinists, first class, are paid fifty-five dollars a month, and those of the second class forty dollars. Boilermakers and chief electricians receive sixty dollars a month, and coppersmiths, blacksmiths and electricians, first class, fifty dollars. Water-tenders get forty dollars, oilers thirty-seven, firemen, first class, thirty-five, and firemen, second class, thirty. The lowest paid in this branch are the coal-passers, who receive twenty-two dollars a month for the dirtiest work in the ship.

Nizette, of the Café des Pauvres Diables

COULD ANY ONE HAVE BEEN MAKING *gri-gri* FOR NIZETTE

By M. E. M. Davis

A Creole Love Story of Old New Orleans

HE HELD IT IN HIS HANDS AND STARED AT IT WITH DILATING EYES

IT STANDS on the corner of a half-forgotten street in an obscure nook of the old town—the Café des Pauvres Diables. The steep-sloping roof is tiled—the rounded tiles divinely tinted by a century and more of sun and shade, rain, fog and dust. The wide eaves are fringed with a growth of flowering weeds whose roots are bedded in a soft cushion of velvety-green moss; the squat walls show a gay, peeling patchwork of mauve pink and gray stucco. From above the low doorway a wrought-iron stanchion thrusts a stiff arm across the banquette into the narrow cleft of a street; there is a hook on the end of the arm, wherefrom, before the dawn of electric light, before even the dimly remembered era of kerosene oil, a huge lantern used to swing, lighting by night the uncertain way of pedestrians; by day threatening their unwary heads. The towering post, whose globed beacon has superseded this primitive contrivance, flutters to the height of a man's head with black-bordered *affiches*, inviting the neighborhood to assist at the funeral of such or such a body deceased, or at a mass for the repose of such or such a soul. The single window of the café, bulging from the side wall, tempts the passer-by with specimens of the delicacies offered within; a pyramid of oysters in the shell, flanked by claret bottles; a flat basket of Sicilian snails; petits-pains, brioches, savarins, what not! The sign swinging above the door bears the inscription:

Café des Pauvres Diables.
Achille Berrichon.
Aujourd'hui on paie.
Demain, crédit.

Across the street the gray walls of the Palace show above the dusty roof of the porter's lodge and the tossing green of the sycamores and willows that guard the Archbishop's homely pleasaunce: the French Market, a few squares below, sends up on the river breeze its many-throated boom; from the Chapel of Santa Lucia hard by—where with a platterful of plucked-out eyes in her hand the Saint smiles placidly on her devotees—comes a continuous soft rhythmic undertone of Italian voices.

Within the little café, the sanded floor, the small wooden bar and the bare tables—there are only four—are of a cleanliness to jump at the eye. The doorstep and sill are washed with *poudre jaune* until they fairly glisten—the habitués of the place set their sabots thereupon gingerly, with a corner of the eye upon Ma'mselle Nizette. The heavy plates, the glasses, the knives and forks are speckless. If Papa Berrichon wipes a dish upon his immaculate apron, as it must be confessed he sometimes, surreptitiously, does, he is like to let the dish fall out of sheer terror if he but catches an echo of Nizette's approaching footsteps.

From all this it may be gathered that Ma'mselle Nizette Berrichon is an irreproachable *femme de ménage*. She is also a famous *blanchisseuse en fin*, with a small but liberal clientele among the Creole *beau monde;* and she is far and away the prettiest girl of her class in the Quarter.

There are but the widowed father and his daughter—and only child—about the Café Berrichon, with a single wiry, wicked little garçon, who is also a choir-boy at the Cathedral St. Louis. How Papa Berrichon contrives to cook the savory messes he presents (his bouillabaisse, by the way, is almost as famous as the yellow dish of Marseilles) and to serve his customers at one and the same time; make his marketing and gossip by the hour with certain cronies who sit day after day at the corner table, is a mystery to the uninitiated. It is equally a mystery how and when Nizette, who seems to be perpetually scrubbing plates, sanding floors, laying yellow-wash on step and banquette, and pouncing upon muddy-footed patrons—it is a mystery how and when she washes, dries and crisps into folds that make the mouth water the sheer time-honored baptismal robes and first-communion dresses, the ancestral cobweb laces and entailed mouchoirs that convert the inner room of the café into a veritable museum of history.

The courtyard in the rear of the house is small; a tall cistern, mossy with age, fills fully a third of the rectangular space. But room has been made, some time or other, over beyond the wooden bench sacred to a row of brass-bound cedar tubs, for the foothold of a scarlet creeper and a honeysuckle, which clamber intertwined up the brick wall of the adjoining house and toss into the air far up under the roof a glory of green leaves, red trumpets and yellow-fringed sweet-smelling bugles; and hunched up against the cistern there is an ancient fig-tree, gnarled and knotty as Papa Berrichon himself. The brick-paved court is like a well for coolness in summer and for warmth in winter, with the four inclosing walls and the sunny overroofing sky.

Nizette came out into this sequestered spot one June morning. She had a tin bucket over her arm filled with a yellow jellylike substance, and a brush in her hand. She had been setting the café into its every-day soap-scented order. The tables were already occupied, and Papa Berrichon, from his tiny kitchen, whence arose the sound and smell of frying snails, was calling gayly to his gossips in their accustomed corner. The day had begun auspiciously.

But there was a frown on Nizette's pretty face—which ill became a frown. It was a small, clear-cut Creole face, with delicate chin, low brow, almost childish mouth, and innocent dark eyes. The muddy-footed patrons experienced a fresh shock of surprise every time this dainty little creature marched them back to the banquette to scrape their soles! She laughed even while she scolded; she seldom frowned. But here was matter enough, and more, for frowns!

This long-continued drought which filled the air with dust, and lowered day by day the contents of the cistern, until the water was fast becoming liquid dregs thick with wiggle-tails—and Madame Bellelsle's laces to be done against Mademoiselle Adrienne's wedding—to say nothing at all of the airy heap of gossamer trifles in yonder, waiting since a week for the good God to send rain into the tubs! *Aie! Aie!* Decidedly it was time something were done.

Nizette deposited bucket and brush in their cubby and stepped briskly out into the court. A shaft of sunlight dropping into the cool well brought into relief the soft whiteness of her face below the blue-black braids of her hair, and heightened the red of her lips and of the bit of ribbon about her throat. She walked over to the cistern and peered under its edge, and poked with a bit of stick among the sprawling roots of the fig-tree. She was looking for a frog which had croaked thereabouts the night before, and for many starlit nights, with a plaintive, insistent throat. The sound, entering her dreams, had more than once become Jean Mennier's hammer! She smiled softly, remembering this, as she imitated the cry, turning her head this way and that, and continuing to stoop and poke about with the bit of stick.

For Ma'mselle Nizette was determined to get rain at any cost. All invocations to Saint Medail had availed nothing; a pilgrimage to Saint Roch had brought nothing more or less than a paltry sprinkle: *enfin, la grenouille morte!* That, at least, was infallible!

"For every frog killed
A cistern is filled."

She muttered the proverb between her teeth. Suddenly she jumped back; a small mottled toad had hopped out from under the cistern. The little creature sat for a second regarding her with bright, inquisitive eyes; then, with a single leap, it landed on her bosom and clung there, swelling its throat as if in preparation for song. Nizette shrieked and shook it off; she advanced upon it, terrified but resolute, with murderous eyes and threatening stick.

But she threw her weapon into a corner. *"Non! Non! cher petit monstre!"* she cried, addressing her intended victim—from a respectful distance. "No! Dear little monster. Not even for the laces of Madame Bellelsle!"

The toad hopped gravely back under the cistern.

"Very well," continued Nizette energetically; "I have not the heart to kill that frog—that sees itself. Then I will make *gri-gri*."

She unwound the red ribbon from her throat and dropped to her knees on the moist bricks. She tied the ribbon to the faucet of the cistern, crooning as she did so in a fearsome, hushed voice the ancient *chanson nègre:*

"Yo! Ya! le Grand Zombi
Qui ti courí l'cole avec vieux cocovvi!
L'appe veni pou' faire gri-gri.
Pou' faire gri-gri dans le coin bien caché.
Ya! Ya! la pluie va tombe
Pou' le Grand Zombi."

(Oho! Aha! the Grand Zombi
Who went to school with the alligator!
Call him to come and make voodoo
In a little dark corner.
Oho! Aha! the rain will fall
For the Grand Zombi.)

Nizette wound up this charm—a sure "cunjer" for rain—with a wide sweep of her two arms outward, and a deep obeisance—as prescribed in the formula. Then, crossing herself devoutly to prevent possible harm to herself from the heathen incantation, she rose to her feet.

"Nizette! Nizette!" The clear young masculine voice rang through the café within. It brought a rosy flush to the girl's cheeks; she ran to meet its owner as he stepped into the courtyard.

Jean Mennier, the carpenter, wore a cap and blouse, and carried a hammer in his hand, having, in fact, just left a nail half driven in Madame Bocage's gallery floor. He was a good-looking, well-set-up fellow, with twinkling black eyes and curling black hair—this "*futur*" of the *blanchisseuse en fin*, who was already counting the Sundays until the banns should be read in the Cathedral St. Louis yonder. Papa Berrichon was content with his son-in-law-to-be, as well he

might be, for Jean Mennier was a sober lad and a good workman; and Nizette's eye had been measuring him ever since they had made their First Communion together. (But it was while Jean was repainting the sign of the Café des Pauvres Diables, with its mysterious legend, that Nizette's heart had finally succumbed.)

"Nizette," continued the *futur* excitedly; "make yourself ready on the instant. The auction begins. There is a cheval-glass—oh, but of a mahogany to melt the soul—and a rocker—but speed thyself, my angel!"

To Nizette, untying her apron and smoothing her braids, this jumbled speech needed no explanation. An auction, long anticipated, was in progress over in Rue de l'Hopital; for many weeks Jean had had his eye on certain things to be sold there, which in his dreams fitted into corners of the room—now Nizette's maiden chamber—which he was furnishing against the wedding.

He explained to Nizette, as they hurried out, that he himself had arranged with the auctioneer for the sale of several articles belonging to a woman in the lodging-house where he was making some repairs; and therefore the auctioneer was prepared to treat his, Jean's, wishes in regard to that mirror and that rocker with respect.

The rocker, alas! was already sold when they reached the dingy-looking mansion—a rambling monument of past glory—where the auctioneer, mounted on a chair, was haranguing now in French, now in English, the motley crowd around him. Now, Jean's heart had yearned over that rocker; he had seen Nizette, in his mind's eye, seated in it, swaying lightly back and forth, singing softly—perhaps a lullaby! The loss of it irritated him; he blamed his sweetheart openly for having lingered to tie a fresh ribbon around her neck. Then, Fate being against him, the spider-legged dressing-table, the old-fashioned French oval mirror from which he had a hundred times imagined Nizette's pretty face looking out at him, attracted the instant attention of two keen-eyed dealers who were hovering on the confines of the crowd. Jean's modest bid was overleaped at once. He stood by aghast and helpless while the spirited contest went on, and his heart dropped like lead in his breast when the coveted object was knocked down at a terrifying price to the successful bidder. He turned to Nizette for sympathy, the tears fairly standing in his eyes.

Nizette had already forgotten the rocker and the spider-legged cheval-glass; she had forgotten Jean himself. Her eyes were fixed ecstatically on a small picture in a gilt frame which the auctioneer had picked up from the heap of rubbish at his elbow. It was the portrait of a baby; the cherubic head, sunning over with flaxen curls, was turned to one side a little; the blue eyes looked out into the world with infantile glee; a cunning smile hovered about the corners of the small mouth; the chubby form was nude except for a gauzelike white scarf wound about it. A medallion which inclosed a lightly-sketched-in face clasped the scarf on one shoulder. The portrait was truly not a work of art; the dealers above mentioned—connoisseurs both—characterized it as amateurish to the last degree; as for Jean Mennier, he infinitely preferred the bunch of grapes on a platter, with a wine-glass and bottle beside it, next offered.

Nizette made her first bid in a low, tremulous voice.

"But, Nizette!" cried Jean astonished. "How you are foolish! It is not an Infant Jesus——"

"I know it," returned Nizette, without taking her eyes from the portrait. She raised her voice and her offer, for some other woman in the crowd had looked into the baby's blue eyes, and felt her soul dragged out of her body.

"But, Nizette!" remonstrated Jean, beginning to lose his temper, for his fiancée was now almost as voluble as the auctioneer himself.

"*Je le veux!* I want it!" she returned between breaths.

"But why——"

"*Je le veux*," repeated Nizette obstinately.

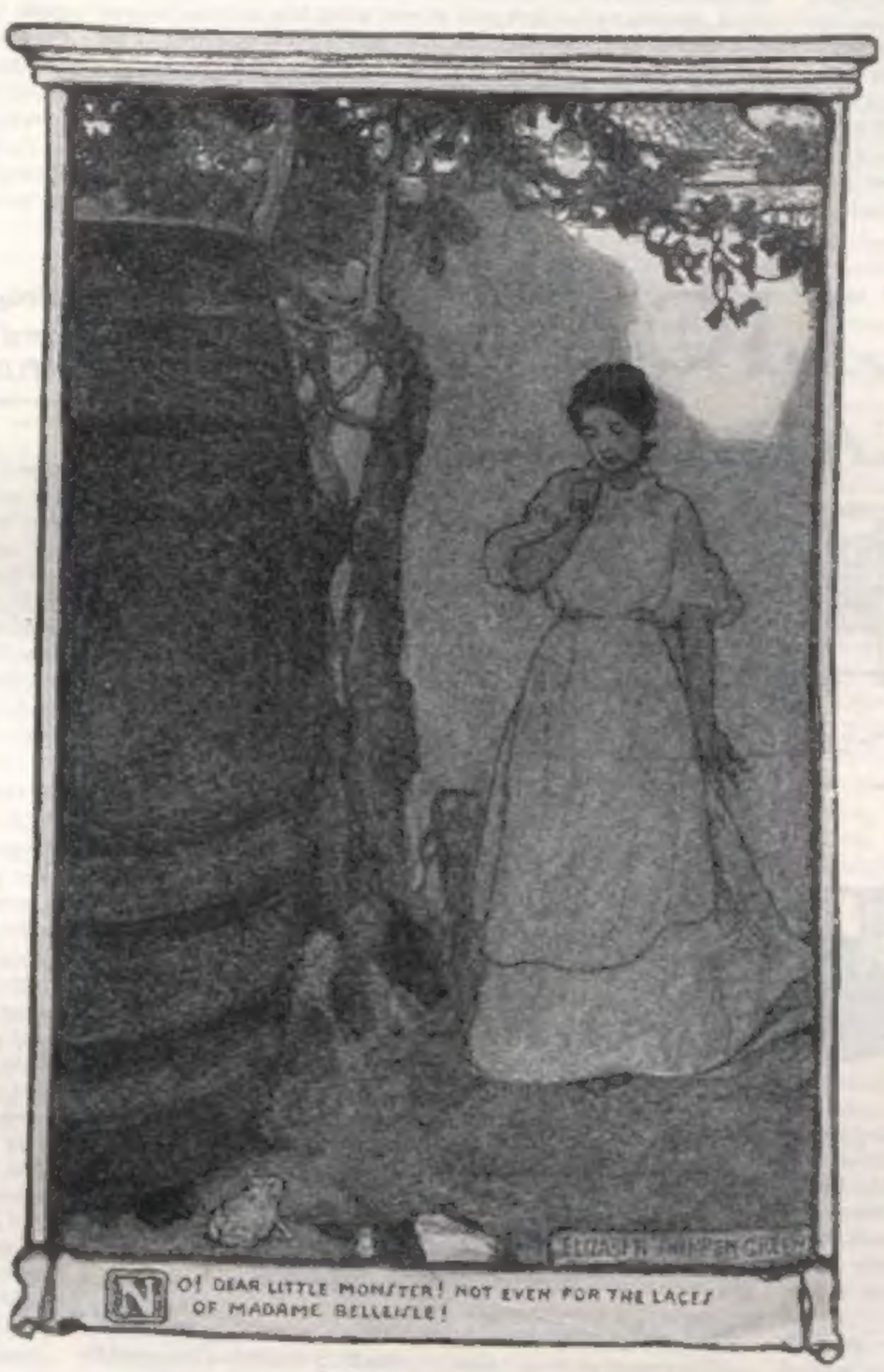
"As if, blockhead of a man," muttered the auctioneer to himself, handing the coveted prize to Mademoiselle Berrichon—"as if it were not enough that a woman wants a thing. *Houf!*" He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and picked up the platter of grapes.

Blushing and beaming, Nizette turned her shining eyes at last on Jean; they met sullenness personified! Her surprised inquiry brought a torrent of reproach, not to say abuse. What did Nizette want with a daub of a portrait, anyway? Was it after this fashion she intended to waste money when she became Madame Mennier? One thing was certain—that imbecile of an infant should never hang on the wall where Jean's eyes could behold it! This and much more as they walked back to the Café des Pauvres Diables, Nizette carrying the portrait in her arms, and her head high.

As may be supposed, the *blanchisseuse en fin* was not silent. The money was her own, the good God be praised! She abandoned at once and forever all thought of becoming Madame Mennier. Monsieur could carry his geese to a cheaper market. The portrait was adorable. It should hang wheresoever its present owner chose to place it!

The two, whose banns were all but cried, parted at the yellow-washed steps of the café as strangers. Nizette fetched hammer and nails and hung the portrait on the wall of her ironing-room, where it could be seen from at least three of the four tables in the café; she dropped her arms to her side and gazed at it with a foreshadowing of brooding maternity on her face. The blue eyes twinkled back at her, the red lips curved with a divine smile. "Oh, how he is ravishing!" she murmured, turning away with a catch in her throat that was almost a sob.

The sob came more than once during the next ten days. For although Ma'mselle Nizette wished never to set eyes on Jean Mennier again—she tossed her head high in air at the mere thought—still—still—— And there was no rain. And Madame Belleisle's laces waited. And—and it was but a weary world, after all! There was the convent of the Carmelites, now; that was a place where one might find peace. She had visions of herself from time to time as Sister Mary of the Angels, white-capped, black-veiled, wrinkled, old, and—yes, happy! And Jean Mennier, oh, married! with black-eyed babies about his knee! Here the sob threatening to burst her throat she would hearten herself with a look at the baby's portrait, and hurry out to make *gri-gri*. For, regularly every day at high noon, the harried



blanchisseuse en fin made *gri-gri*. She twisted systematically the bit of red cloth about the cistern-faucet and chanted:

"Vo! Vo! le Grand Zombi."

For one's business must go on though one's heart were breaking; but indeed Nizette's heart—she laughed aloud at the thought!—was not breaking; not the least in the world! One fine day the *gri-gri* worked. It was a miracle. At noon the sky was as blue as the eyes of the dear little infant on the wall: as the cathedral clock rang half-past twelve the sunny well of a courtyard became suddenly dark; you could not see the hand before the face: a streak of flame zigzagged across the dark, a great clap of thunder shook the tiles on the roof of the café, and down came the rain—in sheets, in torrents, in cascades. The courtyard became a miniature lake. The banquettes overflowed. The café was an island set in the midst of a roaring ocean. Nizette sat in her ironing-room beside her spotless ironing-table and watched the falling rain with glad eyes, listening with greedy ears to the musical swish of the flood in the street. Suddenly, without warning, her head dropped on her folded arms, a quiver ran through her small frame, the long-gathering tears gushed from her eyes. Could any one have been making *gri-gri* for Nizette?

II

WHEN John Sherbourne (Lieutenant of United States Volunteers) awoke in the hospital at Manila from the long sleep of fever and delirium in which he had lain since a sabre-cut in a skirmish out in the hills had well-nigh split his skull, he looked about with uncomprehending eyes and called, in a feeble but clear voice, "Agnes!" The white-capped young woman who bent over him, smiling with genuine pleasure at this faint return to life, was not Agnes. A startled glance at the white canvas walls and at the close-set cots around convinced the young soldier that he was not in the familiar room of which he had been dreaming—with vine-hung windows wide to the breeze and a flicker of mellow sunshine over the roses on Agnes' dressing-table. The puzzled look gradually left his emaciated face. He remembered once more that parting with his bride of a few months at his cottage gate in the dusk of early morning, the exciting westward rush of the train, and the interminable, monotonous journey across the interminable, monotonous ocean. Again he saw himself setting out for that unknown island interior where his long months of marching and fighting were brightened by letters from Agnes; he carried them always next his heart; he tried to touch them as his thought traveled onward, but his weak hand fell back on the coverlet. Again, as in a moving panorama, he beheld the long gorge; his men leaping down it, himself at their head, their yells echoing back from the rocky sides; then the knot of insurgents at the outlet; and then—nothingness.

"How long—since——?" he asked, lifting his heavy eyelids with an effort.

"Four months," returned the nurse. "But we shall soon have you out now," she added cheerily.

Amos Field, the friend who met him four months later at the railway station in his native town in Alabama, grasped his hand with strange fervor. Other friends, crowding about him as he passed along the street, greeted him with glad but curious faces. A couple of blocks from the well-remembered cottage Field halted.

"See here, Jack," he began awkwardly, "I—I can't let you go on, old fellow. I—I must tell you. You see——"

"What is it?" interrupted Sherbourne paling. "Agnes? She is—dead?"

"Oh, no, no! But the truth is, Jack, you were officially reported killed nearly eight months ago. Mrs. Sherbourne could get no information from the Government about—well, about your body. You know"—Amos laughed nervously—"she was about crazy, and a couple of months ago, in spite of all we could do, she started to the Philippines. You must have passed her on the way. Oh, say, Jack, cheer up, old man!" For, sick and dizzy with anguish and disappointment, Sherbourne had staggered and well-nigh fallen.

"My poor little Agnes!" he groaned. "I shall go back at once." He wrung his friend's hand and entered alone his desolate and abandoned home.

The next morning found him in New Orleans, chafing at the delay of the outgoing train. Restless and miserable, he lingered at the station, quitting it from time to time to wander through the labyrinth of streets in the neighborhood, seeing in the midst of the quaint sights about him only the pale face of Agnes—Agnes, whose inexplicable silence was now so terribly accounted for!—hearing above the murmur of strange voices the last heart-broken cry of Agnes as he had turned, in his soldier's uniform, to leave her. Finally a clap of thunder aroused him; a tumultuous downpour of rain hurried him under the sheltering eaves of a house on his left hand, a second or so later the flood in the street, encroaching on the banquette, drove him across the threshold of the Café des Pauvres Diables.

He seated himself at a table and called for a cup of coffee. Papa Berrichon, hovering around him, essayed in neighborly fashion to pass the time of day with him, but finding the stranger silent though courteous he returned to his quartette of gossips. Sherbourne's eyes, still filled with that inner vision, gradually became aware of a pair of blue eyes, strangely like those of his dreams, gazing, smiling, into his. He started and peered across the soft dusk, that filled the café, into the room beyond, where the light was stronger. A baby's pictured face on the wall, that was all. He turned his head with a sigh. But, in spite of himself, he looked

again; the red lips seemed to be trying to frame some word whose meaning he could not fathom, but which moved him unaccountably. He got up at length and walked to the open door; then with a smothered exclamation he sprang across the small room and took the portrait from its nail. He held it in his hands and stared at it with dilating eyes.

At the same moment, Nizette, who had lifted her head at the sound of his step, started up and confronted him. She opened her lips to remonstrate, but remained speechless, looking in open-mouthed wonder from her dearly-bought treasure to the unknown intruder. She, too, saw what had met and held his astonished gaze. The face sketched upon the medallion which clasped the scarf on the baby's shoulder was none other than his own!

"What does it mean? Where did you get it? Answer me, at once!" He grasped the girl's wrist in his excitement.

"But, Monsieur——"

Papa Berrichon and his cronies ran in at her frightened cries, and for a moment or so there was a wild confusion of intermingling speech and angry gesticulation.

Presently Sherbourne hurried out of the café, accompanied by Nizette. The rain was still falling, but less violently; the receding flood had left the banquettes passable; the sky was clearing and there was already a hint of sunshine under the edges of the clouds. "Jean Mennier, he will know where the lady lives; yes," Nizette kept repeating as they sped along; "I have not seen Jean Mennier since ten days, me"—she gulped down a sigh—"but he will be at Madame Bocage, sure, Monsieur. Jean Mennier has told me that poor lady is *malade*—is ill. And Jean Mennier has taken some rings to the *mont de piété*—the pawnshop—for that lady. Also, she has had to sell the portrait. She must be in necessity, the poor lady."

Sherbourne ground his teeth and groaned inwardly. Agnes, his Agnes! alone and friendless in this strange city! For those were her initials, *A. S.*, under the portrait in the café yonder. He remembered well her pretty knack at painting. Had she been turning it to account, poor little girl? Was it she, herself, ill and in want, who had sold it? Or a dissatisfied or hard-up patron? . . . The medallion miniature of himself, given her the eve of their marriage—how unlike Agnes to put that in the portrait of a stranger's child! What had happened? A thousand doubts assailed him, a thousand conjectures surged through his brain. Nizette, stumbling along at his side, panted with the effort to keep pace with his quickening stride.

At length they reached the tall brick building sacred to the *chambres garnies* of Madame Bocage. Jean Mennier himself, still engaged in mending dilapidated floors and rotten railings, came forward to meet them when they turned from the corridor into the cluttered courtyard. He hung his head sheepishly at sight of Nizette, being long since heartily ashamed of himself, and eyed the stranger with her somewhat askance. But he responded quickly and with a note of sympathy in his voice to Sherbourne's inquiries.

"The lady who had sold the portrait? Oh, yes, Monsieur; in a gallery-room in this very house; third floor. Monsieur is a friend of that lady? A brother, perhaps? Is it that Monsieur desires me to bring a message to that lady? Oh, Monsieur desires to go himself. *Tant mieux!* So much the better! She has need of friends, the poor sick lady!"

He led the way; Sherbourne followed, breathing hard, divided between hope and fear. Nizette brought up the rear, her heart fluttering like a frightened bird in her bosom.

In response to Jean's light knock on the door, which stood slightly ajar, a voice within called, "Come in."

At the sound Sherbourne's blood leaped; he leaned against the wall, unable for a second to move hand or foot. When he pushed open the door the young woman, seated on a low chair, sprang to her feet and stood facing him with wild eyes and parted lips; the baby of the portrait crowed lustily in her arms and reached out dimpled hands to the stranger.

The pitiful story told itself in the bare little room, from which everything not absolutely necessary to mere existence had been sold—even the child's portrait—as the young mother struggled with poverty and sickness in the alien city for want of funds to continue her journey.

"Agnes!" Sherbourne rushed forward with an agonized cry and caught his wife to his breast as she swayed and fell.

A little later, Nizette placed the golden-haired boy—of whose very existence his father was unaware—in the arms of the mother, pale still, fragile and trembling, but radiant, with her head on her husband's shoulder.

The *blanchisseuse en fin*, herself trembling and shaken with emotion, tiptoed out of the room and sped like an antelope to the familiar shelter of the Café des Pauvres Diables. There, in her own sanctuary, the courtyard, she crouched against the wet honeysuckled wall with her hands pressed against her throbbing heart.

Jean Mennier, looking up from his occupation of closing the shutters in Mrs. Sherbourne's gallery-room—for the *grigri* still worked and showers alternated with sunshine—saw that his *future* had vanished. He edged his way softly toward the door. "Stay! Wait!" cried Sherbourne. "Wait; I wish to speak with you—and Mademoiselle Berrichon. Where are you going?" He shouted the last question, for Jean was already on the landing.

"To the Café des Pauvres Diables! To Nizette!" Jean shouted back, plunging headlong down the stairs.

He found her in the courtyard, still crouched against the wet honeysuckled wall. The sun had burst forth again and a broad beam, falling earthward, turned into diamonds the dewdrops trembling on the honeysuckle leaves, and the teardrops trembling on Nizette's silken eyelashes.

"Nizette," began Jean abruptly, "I will burn a candle before the portrait of that baby every day as long as I live. . . . Oh, thou art an angel, Nizette, an angel of the good God. I am a monster; I know that well. But—but thou will pardon me, *n'est-ce-pas*, Nizette, *ma bien-aimée?*"

His voice broke. There was a moment of silence, during which the mottled frog seated under the edge of the cistern, looking out with inquisitive eyes, uttered a cheerful croak.

"*Cher petit monstre!*" said Nizette tenderly, smiling through her tears. And whether she meant the mottled frog or her *futur*, the *futur* was content.

THE MILLIONAIRES

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

How Rich New Yorkers Spend Time and Money. A Census of Mr. Multi-Millionaire's Houses, Horses, Servants

AS YOU go on through the town palace of our up-to-date multi-millionaire of the extravagant class you discover that it is arranged in suites—somewhat like a very handsome and exclusive private hotel. And then you learn that here is not one establishment, but seven, each separate and distinct. Our multi-millionaire's family have outgrown family life and are living upon the most aristocratic European plan.

The wife lives in the suite you have just seen; in a smaller suite, more plainly furnished, lives the husband; in a third suite lives the grown son; in a fourth, the grown daughter; in a fifth and sixth, these the smallest, live the young son and the young daughter. The seventh establishment consists of forty-two personal assistants and servants.

Each member of the family has his or her own sitting-room and there receives callers from within or without the family—except that the daughter receives men callers in the smallest of the three reception-rooms on the ground floor. Each has his or her own personal attendants; each lives his or her separate social life. They rarely meet at breakfast—it is more comfortable to breakfast in one's sitting-room; they rarely meet at luncheon—luncheon is the favorite time for going to one's intimates; they rarely meet at dinner—one or more are sure to be dining out or the mother is giving a dinner for married people. Perhaps the clearest idea of this family's internal independence can be got from a list of the personal staff of each:

The husband—a secretary; a valet; an assistant valet who acts as footman; a coachman; a chauffeur for his automobile.

The wife—a secretary; a housekeeper; a maid; an assistant maid who does the less fine repairing and sewing; a masseuse; a coachman; a footman.

The eldest daughter—a companion; a maid; a groom.

The grown son—a valet; a chauffeur (who is also used by his mother and sister); an athletic trainer; a horse trainer; a jockey.

The son at college—a valet; frequently a tutor, as he is backward in his studies.

The ten-year-old daughter—a governess; a maid.

Total, twenty-four.

These personal attendants are no mere empty show and vanity. But for them the personages of the family would be smothered under the accumulation of their own extravagances. They would be compelled to live simply in a small house or to spend all their time in the details of the vast establishment and would have no time for business, study and amusement. At best, with all this personal service, the ordering of the show is mournfully time-consuming.

It is with eyes on this lofty height that the New York family, just emerging from obscure poverty, with five or six thousand a year, anxiously ask themselves: "Now, can we afford a man to go to the door and wait on the table?" For the man-servant is the beginning of fashion, and its height can be measured—as certainly as in any other one way—by the number of men-servants and the splendor of their liveries.

Of course, our family of pace-makers have many other servants besides these personal attendants. The housekeeper has her staff, the chef his, the butler his, the head coachman his, the captain of the yacht his. Then there are caretakers, gardeners and farmers, the racing-stable staff, various and numerous occasional employees. At the request of Mr. Multi-Millionaire, his private secretary drew up on the first of last June a list of all the persons in the family's service. It contained—with the yacht out of commission and the Newport palace not yet opened—seventy-nine names, and showed a total weekly payment of $948. The next day it was summarily reduced by ten names and a hundred dollars a week—you may imagine whether or not there was a great outcry. By September it will be back where it was, or larger and heavier.

Mr. Multi-Millionaire, becoming interested in statistics, went on to have his secretary take a census of the horses and carriages owned by the family. Of horses there were sixty-four, excluding the seventeen thoroughbreds in the racing-stable at Saratoga, but including the hunters and polo ponies. The little girl had the fewest—poor child! she had only a pair of ponies and a saddle horse, and she complained that her sister was always loaning the hack to some friend whom she wished to have riding with her. The grown son had the most—thirteen; he must hunt and he must coach and he must play polo, or try to. The father himself was almost as badly off as his little daughter—he had only four. Of vehicles there were:

At the town stables—a landau; two large victorias and a small one; two broughams; a hansom; an omnibus, seating six; two automobiles; a tandem cart; a pony cart.

At the several country places—a coach; a drag; a surrey; a victoria phaeton; two dos-à-dos; two T-carts; four runabouts; three buggies; two breaking carts.

Total, twenty-nine.

The secretary remarked that these vehicles, assembled and properly distanced, would, with their animals, form a procession about three-quarters of a mile long. He then tried to read Mr. Multi-Millionaire some statistics of harness, saddles, etc., but was forbidden.

In the further pursuit of this statistical mania, Mr. Multi-Millionaire discovered that his family and their friends—and the servants—had drunk under their various roofs during the past year nearly 2000 quarts of red wine; about 1000 quarts of champagne; 150 quarts of white wine; 150 quarts of whisky; 1800 quarts of mineral water; and an amazing amount of brandy, chartreuse, etc. The family's

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total bills for drink, food, cigars and cigarettes had been of such a size that they represented a daily expenditure of about $370 a day—about $135,000 a year. His wife became very angry when he showed her these last figures. She told him that he was meddling in her business, and that she didn't propose to spend her whole life in watching servants.

Our multi-millionaire did not make his fortune; he inherited it, but he has been very shrewd in managing it, for all his extravagance. Though he is cautious about expenses in one way, he shows by the allowances he makes to the various members of his family that he is really generous and believes in carrying out to the uttermost the idea that the family must live in state. His wife has a million in her own name, but he makes her an allowance of $200,000 a year to maintain herself and their households. The grown son has had an allowance of $25,000 a year, and when he marries it will be trebled—perhaps quadrupled. This is large for persons of their fortune, but many fathers of smaller means are doing as well by their children, and our multi-millionaire will not see his children suffer. His grown daughter has an allowance of $15,000—more than she needs, as she has only to buy her clothes and pay her small expenses out of it. The boy in college has $5000 a year; he is always in debt, but his mother helps him. The youngest child has $10 a week—her clothes are bought for her and she can always get money from either her father or her mother when she wishes to make handsome presents.

Mrs. Multi-Millionaire and Her Dressmakers' Bills

The most interesting person in the family is the mother. She is its moving force, one of the moving forces in the extravagant life of New York City to-day. You see her name and her pictures in the newspapers very often, always in connection with news that she is doing something. She was the first in New York to have huge flunkeys in knee-breeches in waiting at her front door. She was the first to have as an entertainment for a few people after dinner several of the grand opera stars and the finest orchestra in the country. She is a woman with ideas—ideas for new and not noisy or gaudy but attractive ostentations of luxury. She spends money recklessly, but she gets what she wants.

She is one of the busiest women in New York. And the main part of her business is one which engages New York women, and men, too, ever more and more—the fight for prolonging youth.

You would never suspect that she is the mother of a son twenty-five years old. Indeed, you would not suspect from her looks or her conversation that she is a mother. She is making her fight for youth most successfully. Of course she uses no artifices—the New York women who care greatly about looks have long since abandoned artificiality, except as a fad. Her hair is thick and dark and fine—it is her own, kept vigorous by constant treatment. Her skin is clear and smooth and healthily pale—it costs her and her beauty-assistants hours of labor to keep it thus. Her figure is tall and slender and girlish—her masseuse could tell you how that is done. She lives, eats, exercises with the greatest regularity. And she eats little and drinks less.

On dress she spends about $35,000 a year. You will not see her many times in the same hat or gown; and she has a passion for real lace underclothing and for those stockings which seem to have been woven on fairy looms of some substance so insubstantial that only fairies could handle it. She bought $12,000 worth of underclothing when she was in Paris last May. Her bills at those dressmakers' were $17,000, and at two milliners', $1400. She has about $5000 invested in parasols. She has $37,000 worth of wraps—sables, chinchilla and ermine cannot be got for small sums. She has many evening dresses that cost from $800 to $1200 each. She has few dresses that cost as little as $125. The average price for her hats would be, perhaps, $50. She had one with fur on it last winter which cost $275.

Why Madame's Wardrobe is So Costly

The chief reason for her large expenditures for clothes is that nowadays every detail of each costume must be in harmony. She must have slippers, stockings, skirt, dress, hat, parasol, all to match. For she is one of half a dozen New York women who are famous for style; and, having established this reputation, she must live up to it. When she ceases to fight for youth—which will be in about five years—she will probably cut her expenditures for dress in half. By that time extravagance will have so far advanced that her successor will spend $45,000 or more on dress. The last season has seen a three-league advance. It is now the fashion to wear for a drive down the Avenue those delicate shades which are ruined so quickly. Next season the color scheme of the Avenue will be still more gorgeous and varied—and prodigiously more expensive.

Let us take an inventory of her at her two public appearances on a day in the season:

Afternoon—horses, victoria, winter liveries of coachman and footman, gold-mounted harness, lap-robe—in all, $7500; her furs, dress, hat, etc., $3750; her rings, lorgnon, the pearl and diamond pendant at her throat, $52,000.

Total, $63,250.

Evening—horses, landau, etc., $9200; her wrap, dress, etc., $11,500; her jewels, $345,000.

Total, $365,700.

But it is her mode of keeping house and entertaining that makes the thousands and tens of thousands fly. Her establishments are maintained like so many luxurious hotel restaurants. Though her housekeeper is a capable person, and she herself studies her accounts closely, it is impossible to be ready at all times to house and feed an indefinite number of persons of exacting taste without spending immense sums of money. It costs to be able to say to the butler at the last moment: "There will be ten for luncheon, instead of six," or "There will be nine for dinner, instead of five," or "There will be four for dinner, not eight."

Our Mrs. Multi-Millionaire lives no better in respect to her table than scores of people in and around her set. She pays her chef $100 a month and her butler $75 a month, and so do they. She has no better supplies on hand than have they. Her bills at the shops where they sell things out of season—strawberries at fifty cents apiece and peas at a dollar a small measure—show no different kinds of items from theirs. They, too, have Sèvres plates at $500 a dozen. They, too, have fruit plates and finger-bowls of gold plated on silver that cost $1200 a dozen. They, too, have solid gold after-dinner coffee cups at $2000 a dozen and solid gold spoons at $400 a dozen. The difference between the dinners of those of her fortune and the dinners of those of fewer millions lies in quantity, not in quality. Where they would have to make an effort in arranging an unusual dinner and could not have more than a dozen at table, her establishment and the many establishments like hers would easily and without effort expand to entertain, in a fashion once called royal, two or three dozen guests.

The Rapid Pace of the Millionaire Set

The main and very conspicuous characteristic of this typical leader in New York's extravagance is, naturally, restlessness. Like the other women of her set, like their imitators, down and down through the strata of New York's wealth-scaled society, she wanders nervously about, spending money, inventing new ways of spending money, all because she is searching for something, she knows not what, that ever eludes her. And this restlessness, this nervousness, this hysteria, possesses the women and the men alike. Does it come uptown with the men from the fever of Wall Street? Does it go downtown from the women and the fever of Fifth Avenue? It is impossible to say. We only know that it possesses both and that it influences every relation of life, public and private.

Is there talk of bettering the condition of the poor? At once hundreds of thousands are poured out in some shallow project that produces a minimum of betterment and a maximum of pauperization. Is there talk of bathing? Straightway there are hollowed-out blocks of marble and silver plumbing. Is there talk of the delights of the country? Forthwith palaces spring up where there were swamps and tangles of briers. Is a tiara the latest fashion? The grand tier at the Metropolitan flashes with tiaras of rubies and diamonds, and in all other parts of the house there are tiaras of diamonds, of brilliants, of all sorts of more or less costly imitations of the grand tier's best.

A fashionable woman sails for Europe: more than $5000 worth of flowers, jewels, books, things to eat and drink, are sent to the steamer on sailing day by her friends. A young couple are married: their intimates and relatives give them three-quarters of a million in wedding gifts. A brother meets his sister on her way downstairs on the morning of her birthday. "Here's a little gift for you," he says, pausing just long enough to hand her a paper—it makes her owner of a million in gilt-edged securities. A husband comes home from the office. "I've put through my deal," he says. "You can have your new house, but I won't stand for more than a million and a half." A father calls his son into his "study," and says: "You will be twenty-one to-morrow. I fix your allowance at $75,000 a year." A doctor goes to a banker to get a small subscription for a hospital. "Why not build a new hospital?" asks the banker. "I'll give a million. If that's not enough, I'll give two."

When these people of the extravagant classes go to the country they take the city with them. You rarely find them in hotels—if they are there, it is because in their restlessness they are seeking out new neighborhoods in which to build palaces. Our Mr. Multi-Millionaire's country places are reproductions of his town palace. And when his wife entertains there, but for the glimpses of sea and of green from the windows you would never fancy you were so far from Fifth Avenue.

Often at her and her friends' luncheons they defy the heat, close and curtain the windows, and flood the room with artificial light.

If it is a dinner, the men and the women look as if they might be on their way to the opera or a ball. The only difference will be that the women are not wearing gloves—even this difference is not found among the less fashionable but equally pretentious.

The Americanism of the Wealthy

It must not be imagined from these facts of extravagant expenditure and aristocratic estate that the people who live in this fashion are pompous in manner. Indeed, they are quite the reverse.

In the first place, they are Americans, and very well-bred Americans—that means a sense of proportion and a natural good-humored kindliness which forbids strutting. In the second place—and this is perhaps more potent—to be pompous is "bad form." Some of the older generations, not so used to wealth and full of the necessity of "impressing" people, affect a haughty grandeur that is very oppressive, especially to themselves.

But the younger generations go in for simplicity and naturalness. Their free and easy manners would startle the rigid sense of dignity found in small American towns and in less fashionable New York sets. The candor with which they express themselves makes one realize how rare it is for human beings to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

In one aspect this extravagant and luxurious New York seems a child released upon a candy shop. In another aspect it seems a man, eagerly and intelligently developing himself, fevered by a sense of the shortness of life and the vastness of its possibilities.

In one aspect it suggests an express train rushing along, with the engineer mad and the passengers drunk. In another aspect it suggests one of its own miraculous sky-scrapers, rising swift as an exhalation, high as the clouds, yet securely founded upon the rock.

Wall Street, the storm-centre of the ever-raging rivalry in making money; Fifth Avenue, the storm-centre of the ever-raging rivalry in spending money—these two together constitute the New York that year by year fascinates and irresistibly draws the courageous, restless, ambitious youth of the Republic.

A Century of Trouble

A PROMINENT man in Washington, high in the councils of the Administration, delights to speak of Governor William H. Taft, of the Philippines, as "the American Cecil Rhodes." It is admitted by members of both parties that the Governor has already made considerable headway as an empire builder.

His readiness to grapple with problems was exemplified in a reply he made a few weeks ago to a question concerning the proposed granting of franchises in the Philippines. He had been contending before the Senate Committee that corporations should be encouraged to build railroads, to develop mines, and to engage in various civilized pursuits in the islands.

"If your Commission be authorized to go into that sort of thing—into granting franchises and giving corporations control over mineral and timber lands—won't you be getting into trouble?" asked a Senator.

"We shall be getting into the business the United States has been in for a hundred years," was Governor Taft's reply.

THE COPPER KING

The Romance of a Trust

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER
Joint Author of Calumet "K"

CHAPTER VIII

TWO weeks later I was back in Red City, finding out, as we almost always do when we have been laid on the shelf for a while, that everything had worried along without me almost as well as if I had been on hand every day. Of course the expense account for those two months was larger than it would have been if I'd been about, but so far as I could see that was all. As a rule, we aren't nearly so indispensable as we think.

I have said before that Red City was having a boom; that seemed to be going on harder than ever when I came back. They were doing things so fast that the general aspect had noticeably improved in just the short time I had been away. Lawrence had moved out of the boarding-house when I came back, and when I went to look him up in his office he had moved that, too. I rounded him up at last in a brand-new, black-walnut, furnace-heated pair of rooms on the third floor of the new bank building. That I took for a pretty good indication, if I had needed it, that Red City's boom was on a good, solid basis. You could never stampede Lawrence with mere appearances.

We had a good deal to talk about, for besides his representing my holdings in the Northwestern Ore Company, he had been informally looking after some of the other irons I had in the fire. He told me he thought Reech wanted to sell his stock in the Northwestern. Evidently he didn't appreciate that water-power; the time hadn't quite come for it yet. With a new mine on my hands to develop, I thought I should probably need all my ready money, but I did appreciate the water-power, and I told Lawrence that if he could get Reech's stock at a figure which I named to buy it for me. I told him also that if things went right for the next three months I meant to resign the management of the company.

"Going to retire?" he asked.

"You can call it that if you like," said I. "I'm going to retire from the firing-line up into a headquarters tent with a pair of field glasses."

That was something I was really most anxious to do, and I was waiting only to be sure that my mine was what I thought it was before I took the step. It demanded my attention far more than the smelter. One of the first things I did after coming back was to pick up a competent young mining engineer, and pack him off up the gorge to help Gus. I can't remember his name, but he did his work well, anyway. The Birthday began to pay for itself in a very short time, but it was not till spring that we knew what a real bonanza we had, or opened up the main lode at all, for it lay at some distance beneath the vein that Gus had drilled into.

In the meantime I had made another journey East. That came about as the result of a letter I had from Fletcher. He had got his new dynamo right at last, and of course the news delighted me; if Fletcher was satisfied with the mechanics of it, it was good, mechanically. But about the commercial side of it Fletcher knew little and cared less, and a vague word or two which he had put at the end of the letter about disposing of the patents and arranging for the manufacturing of it alarmed me. It wasn't a good time for me to get away, but I knew that I could never get an understanding of the situation from him, nor could he profit by any cautionings of mine, unless we were face to face; so I packed up and went.

I was glad I had done so, for he had made at the best a rather bad bargain and was neglecting to take advantage of the only redeeming feature of it, namely, the opportunity to take up at a very moderate price a certain amount of stock in the company which was to manufacture the dynamo. The time limit to this oppportunity, which was set by the contract, had almost expired, and Fletcher had apparently never even considered buying the stock, so I spent a busy day or two over the matter. I didn't want to advise him to get rid of his own snug little property for the purpose; I hadn't the ready money myself to put up; so I had to raise it, and as I say it made me step lively. But it was worth while, for that stock has made Fletcher a rich man.

We had a good visit, too, talking over the world in general as we used to do in the quiet days when I was his secretary, but at last I came down to something particular. "Tell me about Stanley," said I.

He had never spoken of either Stanley or Adele in his letters, so he began at the beginning. He said that Stanley had married her just a few weeks after I went away. They had been very gay, had entertained a great deal, and all that. He added that she had had a long sickness during the first summer and it had changed her almost past recognition.

"I have seen her two or three times since," he went on. "Her old beauty is quite gone, yet it has left something. I think it is something that the consciousness of her beauty had taught her. A stranger passing her on the street would have to look at her to-day just as he would have had to before."

He added that Stanley looked a good deal older this last year, but that according to Archibald, who saw a good deal of both of them, they were exceedingly happy. "They ought to be," he said. "They're well mated."

"Well," said I, "so far as I'm concerned he's welcome to all the happiness he can find. I wish him no bad fortune. He's to blame, of course, but then who knows what the pressure on him was, or how hard he tried not to do it, or how honestly he meant to do something else? I'm not so sure, if I really loved a girl, and she'd agreed to marry some chap she wasn't sure she cared anything about—well, I don't know. Anyway, I'll have nothing against him so long as he leaves me alone."

He looked at me in a curious sort of way, and then nodded his head. What I had said was true. It had been true ever since the afternoon when Barget and I had celebrated her birthday.

I hadn't much time for visiting, so as soon as Fletcher's business was settled I went back to Red City and to work again. Reech had been haggling along with Lawrence over that stock of his, but he finally came down to the figure I had named and Lawrence bought it for me. It gave me control altogether of about two-thirds of the stock.

Meanwhile I was working along, eight hours a day, at the smelter, for I had made up my mind to keep at it until the Birthday was an assured success. I managed to go to father Jansen's on Sunday once in a while, though in winter it was a long way off. As I have said, it was late in the spring when Gus sent down word of our big strike. I went up at once to convince myself, but there wasn't any doubt about it. The time had come for me to retire from the firing-line.

When I went back to town the first thing I did was to have my stock in the Northwestern Ore Company transferred on the books to my own name. Then I handed in my resignation as manager of the company, and at the annual meeting, which came along in a week or two, I elected myself president instead.

"THE FIGHT HAS ALREADY BEGUN," SAID LAWRENCE

I took a suite of offices in one of the new buildings, and hired a stenographer and an office boy. Then I shut myself up in the inside room and sat down to think. It was a luxury, you may believe, after working amid thousands of distracting details as I had done for so long, to have all minor matters stopped and attended to in the outer offices. But it swamped that stenographer.

With nothing to do but plan it didn't take me long to make up my mind as to what my first few moves should be. I began with something that I ought to have had long ago, namely, a telegraph line from the Birthday right down to my outer office. It was so convenient that at first, whenever I used it, I felt ashamed of myself for having done without it so long.

The next move was more important. I decided to build a railroad—only a little one, to be sure—from the Birthday to the smelter, about twenty-five miles. We had been sending our ore down just as they were doing from the Crœsus, and as father Jansen sent down his wheat, namely, on rafts. That was cheap and easy from June to December, though getting supplies back was never a simple matter, but the main difficulty with the system came in the other half of the year, when we were all practically cut off. If Stanley had been on the ground himself, or if his manager, Jackson, had been a big enough man for the position he held, they would have had a railroad down from the Crœsus long before.

It was no great matter, either. Of course there wasn't any difficulty about the right of way, and the surveyor's report showed that there would be fewer cuts and trestles than I had looked for. We did not have to cross the river at all. There was timber for the sleepers and the trestles standing almost where we wanted it, and the slag heap at the smelter provided what little ballast we needed. (That was before I had begun running my slag into bricks and selling it for building and paving purposes; we have to learn a little at a time.)

The day I got the surveyor's report I ordered the rails and started a gang at work, and from then on until I made the first trip over the completed line in the cab of one of the three locomotives I had bought of the Red City and Texas—they weren't very modern, but they answered my purpose—we kept the work rushing without a let-up.

The Red City and Texas was only about two hundred miles long, and of course didn't get anywhere within hailing distance of Texas. It had been built during the Granger period by the farmers themselves. They may have set out, in their enthusiasm, to carry the line through and justify its name; though why they should have thought they wanted to take anything to Texas, or what there was to take, were questions they couldn't have answered. Anyway, there was never any occasion to ask them, for their money and their enthusiasm had pretty well given out before they got to the junction, at Bridgetown, about two hundred miles south of Red City, and they had never got any farther.

"Now," said I to Lawrence, "there are two things more that I want to do. When they're done I think I'll be ready to quit. One is to get all the copper industry of the section under one management, and the other to give that same management control of the Red City and Texas Railroad."

"If I were given to expressing offhand opinions," said Lawrence, after meditating a while, "I should say that you could never do it."

"Where's the impossibility?" I demanded. "It wouldn't take a great deal to buy the whole road, lock, stock and barrel. All I want is the control of it, and I don't believe it'll be hard to buy enough stock. I don't believe they're making very much money, and they're over their first enthusiasm by now, so I should think they'd let go easy, many of them."

"I wasn't thinking of the railroad," said Lawrence. "It was the other half of the plan; getting all the copper interests in the district under one management, and by that I suppose you mean yours. I don't see just how you mean to do it, or why you wish to do it."

"Why, this is the way it looks to me," said I. "Here are half a dozen great properties right in this section all of the same kind. There's Cooper and Rosenblum at Ore Summit, and the Halstead mines and Armstrong's White Eagle, besides that German, Frankenburgher, down the river, and the Crœsus and the Birthday. Now, we're all after as much as we can get, all getting rich the same way; all rich and strong enough to do a lot of damage if we get to fighting. And what's more likely than that we get to fighting? The situation is made for it.

"Now, what I want to do," I went on, "is to head off that fight. I want an arrangement between us so that my profit will be Halstead's profit, for instance, instead of Halstead's loss. I haven't the details worked out yet, exactly, but the scheme that strikes me best is to pool our stock, put it in trust, whatever you like, under one board of directors. I think it won't be hard to put that through. I think the rest will see it as I do, unless it's the Crœsus, and when all the rest are in that'll follow fast enough."

But Lawrence shook his head. "I'm afraid it's too late," he said. "The fight has already begun, in my opinion."

I didn't believe he was right, and I said so. As far as I could see we were peaceable enough.

"The Argus has not been peaceable."

"Do you mean its attacks on me? That's nothing but wind. I'm a good mark and abuse helps sell the paper."

Still Lawrence shook his head. "I disagree with you absolutely. I'm not yet satisfied as to who is behind it, but I'm sure some one is; some one of those interests you've been naming over."

"What's he gaining by it?" I asked incredulously.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 28.

He brought his fist down on the table, emphasizing every word with a blow. "He's gaining public sentiment by it." Then he went on: "You ask me what that means in an affair like this. I tell you it means everything. In every one of these great semi-public struggles there comes a certain point where public sentiment takes a hand. Take Jim Fisk's raid on the Albany and Susquehanna for just one instance. There are plenty more like it. And when public sentiment does take a hand, it settles the business, and does it promptly. The man who has begun this attack by exciting it against you knows what he's about. Think it over."

As I have said, Lawrence wasn't at all a panicky chap, and I had a great deal of respect for his opinions, but in this case I couldn't take his advice very seriously. But a few days after our talk I had a letter from Fletcher which really set me thinking. It ran

> I've a bit of news for you which I'm afraid will be unwelcome. Archibald tells me that the Stanleys, George and his wife, have decided to move to Red City. They expect to stay "as long as may be necessary"; perhaps for several years. I believe they mean to build a house out there. He gives out that they are going to look after his interests. Whether that involves an attack on yours or not you must decide for yourself

Of course I couldn't decide until something further should turn up. I looked about as well as I could, and then dismissed the matter from my mind for the present. Meantime I had enough else to concern myself with. Lawrence sent me word one day that he knew where he could get me a block of Red City and Texas stock if I wanted it. It was at a very reasonable price, so I took it, and further told him to pick up all of it that came his way at anywhere near the same figure.

But whether it was from his talk with me, or Fletcher's letters, the feeling was growing on me that if I wanted control of that road I must get it at once, before this vaguely looming trouble came on. While I was still thinking about it, the very instrument for my purpose turned up, ready to hand, in the person of Reech.

I hadn't heard of him since I had bought his stock in the Northwestern, but I believe he had taken the money away and dropped it in some lightning wealth-producer or other. However that may be, here he was back again, looking a bit seedy and anxious to make a fresh start. I had just such a job for him as always brought out his best talents, and he took it gladly and set right about it. He was to go down the line of the railroad; drop in casually on the farmers who owned the stock in it, and buy it of them as quietly and as cheaply as possible. I said nothing to him about the instructions I had given Lawrence, and which held good, to buy whatever of that stock he could find. It came in easily enough at first, though in small blocks, and I expected to get in complete control of the line with no trouble at all.

All through those days and for some time afterward, while I was extending and consolidating and acquiring, doing my very utmost, my old dream of getting rich was quite forgotten, though that may be a paradox. In fact, my eye was not on the results of the work, but on the work itself, or if it was on the results I regarded them quite impersonally. Lawrence had been mistaken in attributing my projected copper "combine" to a desire to have it all myself. What I wanted to do was to incorporate that industry throughout the entire district into an economical, efficient system; to bring it up to the level of its highest capability. I planned the district just as an architect plans a building, or, better, as a mechanic designs a locomotive, to develop as much power as possible out of as little fuel, and to waste as little as possible in noise and friction; and that I was to live in the building, or ride behind the engine, had nothing to do with it.

I used to forget that I was a very rich man, that the wealth which was pouring in on me was mine, mine to do with absolutely as I pleased. I lived right along in the same boarding house where I had first settled down. I might have stayed there longer than I did if a chance conversation I overheard between two trainmen on my little railroad out to the Birthday hadn't furnished me with an idea.

They were, it seems, criticising my penuriousness, as shown by the fact that I used to ride out to the mine in the cab of a locomotive.

"If I was as rich as him," said one, "I'd not be perchin' on the fireman's box." He added that they'd see me "rolling out luxurious in a private car with brass railings and two niggers and a Chinaman in full-dress suits."

A private car was a distinctly good idea. I should have stepped up and thanked the man if I hadn't been afraid of scaring him to death. Many people had suggested that I ought to build a house, but I wasn't ready for that yet. But a private car was just what I wanted. I ordered it as soon as I could figure out just how I wished it arranged, and when in due time it arrived it gave me a sensation of genuine pleasure; the first, of that kind, I think, that my wealth had ever brought me.

I meant to live in it, and it was furnished as completely as possible with that end in view. There was my sitting-room, with desk, easy chairs, bookcases and even a picture or two, and the platform outside was extended into a little veranda, brass-railed, just as my humble and unconscious adviser had suggested. There was a bedroom, a bath, a kitchen, where I installed an excellent Chinese cook; there was a room for my stenographer when I wanted him to travel with me; there was everything, in short, that I could want.

My daily routine after that car went into commission was like a new life. In the afternoon, when I'd finished my work in Red City, I stepped inside my movable home, and had it hauled up the river to the place where it lay all night. I had picked out that place with care, and built a special, private track to it. It was beyond the mine with its little village of workmen's cottages, quite by itself at the corner of the cliff, where I could look down on Jansen's valley and the lights twinkling from his windows. And from my brass-railed front veranda a graded path ran down to the valley just about

"IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT," HE SAID

where we had seen Gus come running and scrambling with his sample of chalcocite on Barget's birthday. But of that by and by.

I spent the night up there among the pines. Next morning after breakfast I looked over the run of things at the mine, and then went spinning back to Red City. With that routine established I forgot what it was to be tired. But I must be getting back to something more serious.

I have said that I thought a good deal about Fletcher's news that Stanley was coming out to Red City. It connected itself, as it was bound to, with Lawrence's repeated warnings that somebody was preparing to make war upon me, a commercial war such as the industrial history of our country knows too well. Such wars are common enough, and bad enough, in these days, but I think they are not so common, nor so recklessly unscrupulous, as they used to be twenty years ago.

If there were a possible way to avoid being drawn into such a conflict I wanted to take it, and it was so clear to me that the better course was to work together that I felt confident that I could make any intelligent man see it as I did. I thought at first of writing Stanley a letter, and when I decided that that wouldn't do I thought seriously of going East to talk the matter over with him. But there were objections to that course, too, so at last I made up my mind to wait until he came to Red City.

He was a long while coming, but at last, one day, I learned that he was in town, and I called at the hotel where he was staying and asked for him. He was in the writing-room, and he came out almost immediately into the rotunda where I was waiting for him.

"Was the boy right in saying you had asked for me?" He put the question with a little emphasis on the last word.

I assented, saying that I had called upon him on a matter of business.

"Will you come up to my rooms?" he asked. "We sha'n't be disturbed there."

It was true that I had called on a matter of business, but business, our copper interests, Red City, all were far away from my thoughts as we stood together in the elevator, and while I followed him to his parlor.

He was more changed even than Fletcher had intimated from the man I had known so well; thinner, and instead of the erect carriage there was a decided stoop; he was growing bald and wore eyeglasses. But his steady gray eyes were just the same, and his voice; and somehow the sight of him took me back to the old days of the barber shop, and the long walks and the gold fever.

I had come to him with just such a business proposition as I should have made to a man I had never seen before. I meant simply to say to him that, if he were coming to look after his interests personally because he believed that any one was acting adversely to them, I believed he had been misinformed; that, for myself, all I wanted was that we all should act in harmony together, and that, so far as I knew, the others felt the same way about it.

But as I sat facing him in his parlor there I found it difficult to begin, and when I did begin it was not to say just what I had planned.

"I told you it was a business matter," said I, "and so it is, but I guess there's a personal element about it, too."

His face was turned to the window, and it no longer wore the look of surprise I had first noted in it; but something was working there, something I couldn't give a name to, but I understood from what was going on in my own mind.

"When I parted from you last," I went on, "I was very angry. The cause for that anger, or the justice of it, I don't want to go into. But I made a threat then that if I ever could get an advantage over you I should use it to the last extremity. You have heard, perhaps, that I have succeeded out here, that commercially I have a strong position, and my old threat would very naturally recur to you. Well, I made the threat and I have come to-day to unmake it. I do that so that in matters of business we may act toward each other as any other two business men might act whose interests in some particulars are alike. You understand me, don't you?"

"I understand," he answered. "I believe what you say and I believe that you say it in good faith, and not because you're afraid——"

His sentence ended in the air. He got up abruptly and strode over to the window. I waited a moment for him to go on; then I rose, too.

"I can say this much more," said I; "not as a matter of business, but personally: I no longer wish you any ill whatever. I am willing——"

He turned on me with a vehemence which checked the words that were on my tongue. "It's too late for that, Drake," he said sharply. "Much too late," he repeated, turning away.

"You also made a threat," said I. "Do you unsay that, also?"

He didn't answer immediately, but at last he spoke, looking me squarely in the eyes.

"No, that stands as I said it. It's too late for that, too. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said I. "So be it."

It was still early in the afternoon, but I did not go back to the office. Instead, as soon as my train could be made ready I set out for my clump of pines which overlooked father Jansen's little valley. That ride, high above the quiet river, in the sweet, pungent air, used, generally, to make me feel better, and let me see the day that had gone by in a juster perspective. But the air and the river and the trees didn't avail to-d[illegible].

The little switching engine pushed my car up to the end of the track, the brakes locked it fast, and leaving it there I walked down the path into father Jansen's valley. And at the foot of it, where it makes the first turn, I found Barget waiting for me.

Ah, Barget, you knew as you read these pages, that though I was telling but half the story, still I was not forgetting. You knew while I was recounting the plans, the ambitions, the work of those days, how much, here untold, must have come crowding into my memory.

And I think you knew, in this account of those days when your name was always singing in my heart, why it is left out of these pages.

After we were betrothed, when you would come to me, do you remember how the others who might be there used to slip away and leave us quite alone together? Well, so it is as I write, and so it has come that I have kept you out. For this story I am writing is not our story, yours and mine. God be thanked, we have no story to tell.

She met me at the turn of the path. "It has been a bad day," she said, "and the worries have followed you even here."

But the day's perplexities fell away from me as I looked into her calm face.

"It was a bad day," said I, "but it's gone by now."

And slipping my hand into hers we walked down the path together.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company

¶ The man who takes things easy is the one who finds life hard

¶ Every big man's death scatters around a fine lot of opportunities.

¶ Consulting the time-table after the train is missed doesn't add very much to the beauty of the station.

¶ A five-dollar note is President's Roosevelt's contribution to the collection basket. Now here is a real example for both saint and sinner

¶ Hobson's murmur that he is tired of the hero business reminds one of the summer girl who deprecates ice cream — more than three times a day.

¶ President Roosevelt has the rare faculty of keeping things interesting even during the summer heat. It looks as though there will be no "silly season" so long as he remains where he is

¶ Much doing is better than much learning. The manly little chap who grows in strength of body may reach better things than the little fellow who is idolized because he studies so much

¶ The latest average reported from the summer resorts was one man, fractionally more or less, to four girls. It is too much for the man and rather lonesome for the girls. Here is another great reform that needs reforming.

¶ One American railroad has tried to stop kissing at its stations. These trusts are even taking the romance out of life. After a while they will want to suppress the child who tries to pull the hair of the bald-headed man in the next seat

¶ In the strenuous financial world of a third of a century ago the bold and heedless speculators were wreckers. To-day the leaders in speculation are constructive. It is one of the fine contrasts which show that this age is given to building and reconstruction.

¶ President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in his special train, cut down the record between Philadelphia and New York to seventy-nine minutes for the ninety and a half miles. Now if he would only cut down the round-trip fare proportionately — that is, from four dollars to three — a great many of the five million people in the two cities would rejoice exceedingly.

Mr. Morgan's Faith Cure

IT IS settled that Mr. John Pierpont Morgan is the greatest promoter the world has ever known. He appears to be one of the forces of Nature, like gravitation. When he gets behind a thing the thing begins to move forward. Is it not true, perhaps, that light, heat, electricity are but forms of J. P. Morgan? It is not certain that he makes any conscious effort; it seems likely that he radiates energy like the sun.

This wonderful and mysterious power of Mr. Morgan is rewarded by the faith of the people. There are no unbelievers. Suppose a railroad is insolvent; J. Pierpont Morgan has only to close one eye, squint along the rails, and straightway everybody who can buys stock, and everybody who can't ships his freight over that line. It is related of a young man who owns a gold mine somewhere, which badly needs capital for its development, that he consulted an older man as to what he had best do. "What have you to show?" asked the man of years. "A hole in the ground," returned the other. "If you can get Pierpont Morgan to look down the hole you can sell out your stock in three days at two hundred per cent. above par," said the experienced man. An active Western man who is trying to consolidate two steamboat lines is said to have got himself photographed coming out of Mr. Morgan's office, displayed the picture at home, and had the whole thing closed up inside of twenty-four hours. The Morgan office is the central power-house for the universe.

It is suspected, however, that either Mr. Morgan does not realize what a force he is or that he is shirking his duty to the race. Obviously he cannot be in two places at once. He cannot squint along all railroads, or peer down all the holes in the ground. What he should do is to give absent treatment to needy enterprises. He should arrange to send out business vibrations every afternoon at two o'clock, say. The J. P. Morgan financial thought waves ought to be as easy to arrange for as telephone service. For example, suppose a man in San Francisco is trying to consolidate all the mining companies west of the Mississippi in one gigantic corporation. The scheme won't go. He can't enlist a dollar. Then he applies to J. Pierpont Morgan for absent treatment. His application is put on file. The man waits. One week, two weeks, go by. Not a penny comes in. Then suddenly his office is besieged by a mighty crowd of men waving their money above their heads in their fists. Money comes by mail, express, telegraph, messenger, carrier-pigeon. The man walks back from the window to his safe carrying money like an armful of hay. "Ah," he murmurs to himself, "Mr. Morgan has begun to think!"

Equine University Extension

THE time is notable for the wonderful strides in educational work. Never were endowments so princely, or schools so well patronized. It is rather surprising, therefore, that a whole department of education should have remained undiscovered till the present moment, and still more surprising that it should have been left for the Automobile Club of America to make the discovery and begin the work. This worthy association is preparing to establish schools for horses throughout the country.

The ignorance of the horse on the subject of automobiles is notorious. The little study which he has made of the machine has been conducted on his hindlegs, with the energy not consumed in keeping his balance directed to producing the greatest possible volume of snort. This is not the attitude, physical or mental, in which a serious investigation should be carried on. The Automobile Club's schools will fill a long-felt want; the horse must abandon his saltatory and fog horn system of research and take up the calm, steady, patient manner of the German professor.

But the new schools, to the thoughtful observer, are chiefly interesting in the vast possibilities which they suggest. The education of the whole animal kingdom has been neglected. Schools must be established everywhere for the instruction of the dog. This creature must learn to distinguish between a tramp and a friend of the family invited to dinner; he must cease to ignore the former while he snaps an extremity off the latter. The Kennel Club of America seems to be the proper body to move in this matter.

Cats, too, have many things to learn. The National Cat Show Association should establish academies in every town to teach them that silence, especially after-midnight silence, is golden. The United States Poultry Society is under obligations to take up the education of the rooster, and show him that the ante-breakfast crow is superfluous and absurd. And this season, with the city person abroad in the country, is an especially appropriate moment for the National Cattle Association to establish a lecture course in every school district for the benefit of the horned denizens of our fields, to the end that their prejudice against the color red may be removed, and that they may be made to realize the rudeness of tossing the city person on their horns. Animal education must be the note of the twentieth century.

Sense and Sentiment

THE Secretary of War has ordered that in future the color of our army's uniform shall be olive-drab instead of the time-honored blue. Does Secretary Root believe in a hereafter? If so, where does he expect to go when he dies? Doesn't he, like every other statesman, expect to run for the Presidency sooner or later? If he does, why should he court defeat at the polls by inflicting a blow on the hearts of the old "boys in blue," of whom half a million still survive — to say nothing of two million sons of veterans? If a regiment's clothes are to be of a color hard to be discerned by the enemy why may not the Secretary go further and change the regiment's flag of red, white and blue to an inconspicuous blend of dishrag, floorcloth and doormat?

Yet every veteran knows that our army never wore a color less suitable for active service than the familiar blue. A single week in the field made the most careful man's uniform, coat or blouse, most dismally shabby. Whenever moistened by rain or perspiration it took up dust and retained it forever. Coffee-stains and grease spots, unavoidable in field service, left indelible marks. The light blue trousers soon became dirtily gray. Khaki — which is a color, not a fabric — means, literally, dirt, and, paradoxical though it may seem, dirt-color is the only one in which a soldier's uniform may seem reasonably clean.

As to the soldiers' own sentiment, it takes kindly only to the blue that is blended with red and white in the flag under which he fights. The only color he looks for in war is that of the enemy's uniform, whatever it may be. The new color prescribed by the War Department is that in which our soldiers have been marching and fighting in the past four years — years in which the American soldier has had some of his hardest marches and battles

Post Readers on Trusts

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post.

Concentration of capital for the purpose of trade restrictions is slavery in disguise, and in its present advanced stage threatens to establish, or has already established, a system of robbery. Frankenstein's invention, a demon, has turned upon its creator. It is time, high time, for the originator to take a decisive course of defense. G. H. M.

Crandall, Indiana.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

Trusts may be controlled by publicity and taxation Establish a corporation department to incorporate and to have charge over corporations. By an annual examination and the publication of a summary statement of the assets and liabilities of corporations, as in the case of national banks, frauds will be discovered and investors protected. Lay a progressive graded tax upon the net profits of corporations above six per cent. Let the tax increase until each percentum of profits above twenty per cent. is taxed nine-tenths. This will prove a sufficient check upon overcharging, and the allowance of six per cent. profits free from taxation will be sufficient to stimulate industry. H. E. M.

Buffalo, New York.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post.

History shows that when there is an opportunity for men to get autocratic power some party or parties will seize it To the managing head or heads of every combination there must be a successor, and some one of these successors will be so intoxicated with the sense of arbitrary power which these centralizations will give him that he will use that power to do incalculable harm to the nation and the community.

Detroit, Michigan. R. H. H.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

SEÑOR DON LUIS F. COREA

SIR LIANG CHEN TUNG

SEÑOR DON JOSÉ VICENTE CONCHA

WASHINGTON is very much interested these days in the many changes the coming season will show in the diplomatic corps

Never since there has been a national capital have so many new figures come upon the scene in legislative circles. Great Britain, Italy, China, Spain, Chili, Portugal, the United States of Colombia, and finally the Republic of Cuba, all have representatives new to their posts. And it is said that France may also send some one to replace M Cambon who, it is well known, would welcome an appointment to some post in Europe so that he might be in close touch with his children who are at school on the other side of the Atlantic.

A number of the new diplomats have already been presented at Washington, but the majority are still to come. The chief interest centres around the Hon. Michael Henry Herbert who is to represent Great Britain. Mr. Herbert has been in Washington before, and he is the husband of an American wife. These two facts would be sufficient in themselves to make his advent important. In addition there are other circumstances. Mrs. Herbert is not only an American woman, but the daughter of one of the most remarkable families in this land, looked at from a social standpoint. One of her sisters is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Another is Mrs. Ogden Goelet. Her brother is married to Colonel John Jacob Astor's sister. Surely here is money and position, and the influence that these connections will have on the social life of Washington is past reckoning.

Nor is this all that promises unusual things for the coming of Mr. Herbert. He is a chum of President Roosevelt. When he was here before, from 1888 to 1893, as attaché, first secretary and Chargé d'Affaires of the British Legation, Mr Roosevelt was a Civil-Service Commissioner at Washington. The two men took to each other from the moment they met. Though utterly unlike, physically and mentally, they yet had many things in common. Both had made something of their lives despite the fact that they were descended from old families and started in life with a competence. As Mr. Roosevelt sprang from the best stock in America, so Mr Herbert sprang from the best stock in England. His brother is Sir Sidney Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery The family, the Herberts of Lea, have been conspicuous in English history for centuries.

A Gallant Rescue of the Little Dutch Queen

This condition would have entitled the ordinary younger son to a life of indolence and uselessness. Mr. Herbert chose for himself an active career, and he took his work so "strenuously" that at forty-five he occupies a post that the ordinary Englishman would be very glad to achieve at sixty. It was this love for work and effort that made Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Herbert very congenial companions almost from the moment they met in Washington in the latter eighties. They were in the habit of taking long walks together, and every one looks forward to a resumption of the old *camaraderie* when the new British Minister gets to Washington

During his diplomatic experience Mr. Herbert has held posts at several of the important capitals of Europe and a great many stories are told of his tact and diplomacy. When he left Washington in 1893 he was appointed to The Hague, and while there he had an experience that comes seldom even to diplomats

The story is well known to his friends, but was kept out of the newspapers at the time because it was thought it might unduly harrow the feelings of the Dutch people

Mr. Herbert was out walking one evening near the royal country seat when he was startled by a furious beating of hoofs not far behind him. Looking around he saw a runaway horse attached to a heavy old-fashioned pleasure wagon. There was no one in the vehicle, and Mr. Herbert was debating with himself whether or not he should make an attempt to stop the plunging horse when all doubts of action were dispelled by the sudden appearance, around a sharp corner, of a young girl in white. She stood apparently fascinated by the runaway which was bearing directly down upon her. Mr. Herbert made a leap for the horse's head. He is very tall and rather lanky, but, like most Englishmen, well developed in the chest and in the arms. For a while it was a question whether or not he would be able to hold the brute down, but it was only a moment. Then he had him well in hand and forced him to the other side of the road away from the spot where the frightened girl was still standing. The owner of the horse came along a few minutes later and to him the diplomat surrendered his charge. He was just about to proceed on his way when he noticed that the girl in white was still standing where he first observed her, but now there were several ladies with her. One of these ladies approached and said in English

"The Princess begs that I convey her thanks, and requests the gentleman's name."

"What Princess?" said Mr. Herbert

"The Princess Wilhelmina."

In violation of all court rules and etiquette a presentation was effected then and there, and the incident, it may well be imagined, did not make any more difficult Mr. Herbert's stay at The Hague.

Our Athletic Adviser from China

The new Chinese Minister who is coming to replace Mr. Wu Ting-fang has almost as many points to commend him to notice as Mr. Herbert, though in a different way. He, too, has been in Washington before, serving some years as an interpreter to the Chinese Legation; in fact, he was educated in American schools. Later he served as secretary to the delegation sent by China in honor of Queen Victoria's jubilee; and in recognition of his tact and diplomacy the Queen knighted him, so that he is now Sir Liang Chen Tung. His father was a poor man, but he had the advantage of having an uncle who was treasurer of one of the southern provinces of China. Through this uncle's influence the boy was sent to school at Shanghai. There he gave such a good account of himself that he was sent to this country by the Government with three parties of boys to be educated in American institutions. He was entered at Phillips' Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, in 1887. He took to his surroundings like a duck to water, and one day he paralyzed his associates from the Orient by appearing on the baseball field in full uniform, his queue tightly rolled under the traditional baseball cap, and his legs, which had always been chastely veiled according to Chinese custom, stood sturdily forth in knickerbockers and stockings. Long before the end of the season he had developed into one of the crack players of the Academy nine Then he started out for new honors and took to rowing. Here, too, his success was conspicuous, and he was regularly enrolled as stroke oar.

It was some time before the news of these outrages reached China, but when they got there the Government's censor made short work of Mr. Liang Chen's athletic ambitions. The whole scheme of sending China's boys to the Occident, the censor decided, was bad. He was certain the things they saw and heard and learned would breed disrespect for His Majesty, the Emperor, and that their minds would be filled with wicked thoughts. So Liang Chen Tung and all the others were recalled.

However, the uncle's influence must still have prevailed, for it was not long before Liang was back in America, this time as interpreter to the Chinese Legation at Washington. Since then his career has been an uninterrupted march of advance. The appointment to Washington is the latest significant mark of the favor in which he is held by Prince Ching and the Dowager Empress.

The new Minister is only thirty-nine years old, a fact that emphasizes the unusual distinction accorded him; for China, as a general thing, gives political favors only to those who are well advanced in years.

It is generally prophesied by those who know that he will be even a greater favorite with Americans than Wu Ting fang has been, for it is said that he has all of Wu's progressiveness without any of the prying inquisitiveness which has latterly given more or less offense in Washington circles, especially to the women.

As one lady who met Liang in London expresses it, "In addition to being an enterprising man he also has manners."

Illustrating this fact she tells an interesting little anecdote of the new Chinese diplomat. Liang was attending an afternoon tea in an important London house. The hostess inadvertently put a lump of sugar and cream in Liang's cup. Now the Chinese under ordinary circumstances would no more offend his palate by putting cream or sugar in tea than a German would by putting it in beer. This fact was well known to the husband of the hostess who happened to be talking to Liang when the maltreated tea was handed him.

"My dear," said the husband, "I am afraid you have made a mistake. Tea should always be served plain to those who know how to drink it."

"Not at all," interposed Liang with a most charming bow; "there are occasions when its finest flavor is brought out by the judicious admixture of cream and sugar," and he emptied his cup to the very dregs.

"Now, that was heroic," declared the Washington lady in telling the story, "and worthy of a Chesterfield."

Señor Concha, the new minister from Colombia, is even younger than Sir Liang. Though by no means a large man he has still a very powerful appearance, and in particular a head that is most unusual. In conversation he is singularly silent and reserved, and, what is unusual with Spaniards, he uses no gestures. He is altogether a remarkable man and some day will undoubtedly be heard from. Without family influence or wealth he worked his own way to the most important position in his country next to that of the presidency itself, namely, the Ministry of War.

A Twentieth Century Revolution Maker

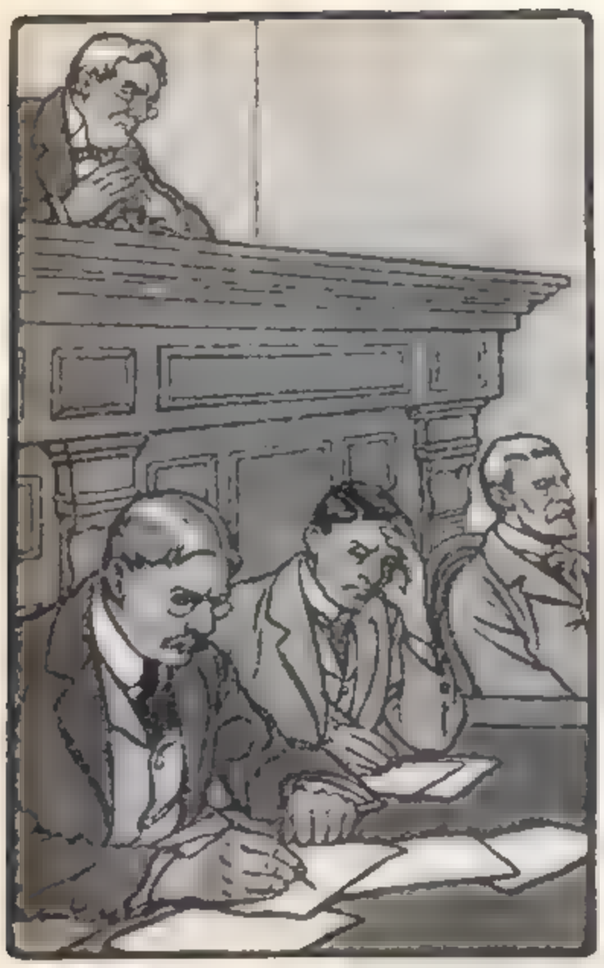
Señor Marroquin, the president of Colombia, was president of the University of Bogota when Concha was a student there. Marroquin is over seventy years old, but he and Señor Concha, despite the difference in their ages, are very close personal friends. Both have been active in politics for years. Marroquin was elected as vice-president in 1898, but he had not been in office long when it was concluded to "set aside" the president, San Clemente, who was over eighty years old and alleged to be a mere figurehead for certain powerful politicians opposed to Marroquin. Of course, it was necessary for the new president to insure absolute control of the army, which in Colombia numbers about sixty five thousand men. Marroquin sent for Concha as the man who could best bring this about and created him Minister of War. The incident that followed illustrates more clearly than any amount of descriptive matter the compelling force of the man. When he accepted the portfolio he was simply a lawyer in private practice with no knowledge of military affairs and no following among army men. The man who held the office of Secretary of War was General Ospina, appointed by San Clemente. He had apparently accepted the new president, but it was suspected that in his heart he was against him and that he was waiting only for an opportunity to declare himself openly. Ospina had been all his life a soldier and was very popular with the army. Under such conditions to take the office of Minister of War away from him was a very ticklish piece of business. But Concha went straight to work. With his commission in his pocket he called at the office of the Minister of War.

"Well, Ospina," he said, "I have been appointed in your stead and I beg that you will turn over the office to me."

General Ospina, thoroughly taken by surprise, told Concha that he would see him further first.

"Very well," replied Concha, "I came prepared for that." He walked to the door, opened it and admitted a file of soldiers picked specially from the president's bodyguard.

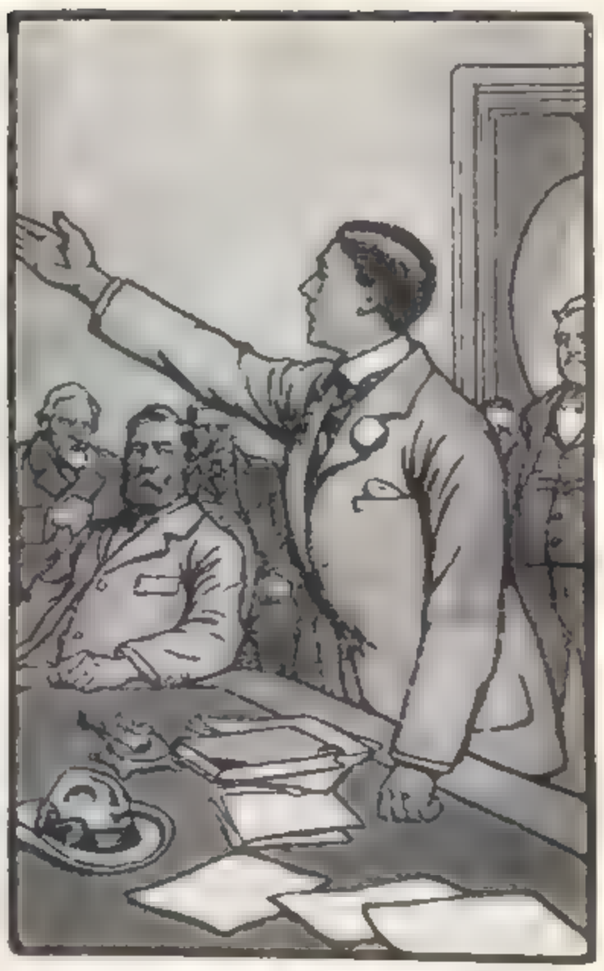
"Arrest that man," ordered Concha. Ospina clamored for his own troops, but was soon overpowered and marched away to jail. Thereupon Concha calmly sat down in the chair and proceeded to transact the business of the department as though he had been at it all his life. He directed operations against the revolutionists who had been fighting the government for a long period in Panama and steadily crowded them to the wall, until to-day hardly a handful of revolutionists are left out of a former force of forty or fifty thousand.



The Young Lawyer in Federal Courts

By PETER S. GROSSCUP

Judge of the United States Court of Appeals



THERE is, perhaps, no figure which appeals more forcibly to the veteran of the legal fraternity than that of the young lawyer facing with keenest trepidation the presentation of his first case before a Federal court. This experience is too fresh within my own recollection to permit me to witness its repetition without personal sympathy and a desire to lessen the severity of the ordeal

Often I have been asked in private for a hint which might serve the young practitioner who approaches this important step in his career, and mitigate his trepidation with a degree of confidence. If, in this brief glimpse behind the scenes of a United States court, I may give to the young lawyers of the country who are not familiar with practice in the Federal tribunals a hint which may enable them to pass the ordeal of seasoning with greater success and comfort, I shall feel well repaid for the effort involved

Let the young lawyer rest assured that neither his youth nor inexperience militates against him in the mind of the court. Could he read the thoughts of the court he would unquestionably realize that he commands both its interest and sympathy. Only a short service on the Federal bench is required to learn that many of the most convincing arguments come from lawyers whose names were unknown to the court previous to the trials which served as their introduction.

The Raw Youth Who Surprised the Judge

Recently a young man of whom I had never heard and who had not been two years out of law school appeared in my court in a bankruptcy case of considerable importance. He was exceedingly youthful in appearance, modest in manner and not especially prepossessing. A stranger might have taken him to be a young man still carrying about him the smell of the college lamp, and conscious that his inexperience in the world of affairs did not warrant him in assuming a place and standing he had not earned. But the moment he began his argument he had the close attention of the court, and held it to the end! Although but two terms of court have since passed, I do not hesitate to say that, were I in need of a lawyer to plead a cause, I should call this young man to my assistance as quickly as almost any veteran of the Federal bar In fact, he compelled me to rank him among the eight or ten men in the entire country to whom I might appeal were I in need of the services of a trial lawyer. His plea was a model of breadth, clearness and brevity, dealing with the essential facts and elements of his cause and with the main principles involved in their adjudication. Subordinate details, "fine points," and a discouraging array of authorities were wisely left to those who had not yet grasped the vital essentials of successful practice in the higher courts

First and foremost in these essentials is the rare art of stripping a case to its skeleton. Few lawyers go deeper than the epidermis. But those who are most uniformly successful acquire the faculty of seizing the skeleton of the case and holding it so clearly before the eyes of the court that its elemental structure stands out in sharp relief without a bone missing—all its parts perfectly assembled and joined by the ligaments of the law.

Or, to vary the illustration, let it be said that a case is like a building, which has its essential architecture, and its mere filling and ornamentation—its thousand details not vital to the soundness of its construction. The lawyer who would, therefore, make to the court the best presentation of his cause must become master of its architecture and compel the court to see this through his own eyes. He will present the general plan and order of his structure and disregard mere incidents and minor details.

Reference to the success of two distinguished lawyers will enforce this point The late President Harrison was a master of this method of discussion, and the same quality is characteristic of United States Senator Spooner Mr. Harrison invariably displayed remarkable foresight in discerning the one point upon which his case would turn and in providing an authority which covered this point conclusively. Not infrequently he would rest his case upon the citation of a single authority, which he kept, so to speak, under lock and key until the "psychological moment" for its presentation. This method, enforced by a terse, simple and unlabored method of argument, was always cogent, and left the strength of his case so boldly displayed as to be almost compelling

The Importance of an Impressive Poise

Another mental trait to be cultivated by the young practitioner is that of intellectual honesty By this I mean that he should hold himself sternly aloof from a partisan attitude and must not allow himself to be tempted into offering an argument which, in the parlance of the newspaper office, might be characterized as "fakey" More than this, he should always take the position of standing somewhat apart from the cause in hand, with a poise which enables him to expose to view the affairs of his client as an impartial investigator, rather than as a special pleader pre-committed to every phase of his client's claims Often this attitude calls for a high degree of moral stamina, and it cannot fail convincingly to impress the court and to make for success in the long run

Probably no jurist before whom the late Robert G. Ingersoll tried a case failed to notice the consummate skill with which that eloquent orator marshaled his evidence into an orderly and fascinating narrative. More than the grace and beauty of Mr. Ingersoll's periods or the brilliancy of his wit, the manner in which he handled his evidence is worthy the study of the young lawyer. Once, when complimented upon this faculty of investing evidence with the charm and interest of a living chapter from the romance of human life, the genial orator tersely remarked: "Get the facts before the court and they will flower into the law!"

Imagination and inventiveness have their rightful place in the practice of law, when subordinated to the facts and principles involved. Not long since a young member of the New York bar, in trying a patent case, displayed this faculty to so rare a degree that, after the decision of the cause, he was privately paid the compliment—which he may have thought a rather doubtful one—that, if his client had shown as much inventive genius in the construction of the patented device as he, the lawyer, had displayed in the presentation of the case, there would have been no cause for bringing the matter into court

Traditions of brilliant and picturesque speeches attach to every court. Perhaps the most remarkable and certainly the most picturesque plea for a prisoner to which I ever listened was made by a man who was partially insane at the time the argument was delivered. The case involved the prosecution of a man charged with using the United States mails for fraudulent purposes, and I was astonished when a Chicago lawyer of remarkably brilliant mind (now dead), who had suffered mental derangement as the result of an assault made upon him in an election riot, appeared as the lawyer for the defense. He had just succeeded in securing his own liberation from an asylum. After briefly presenting the cause of his client he artfully introduced the personal equation and soon had every juryman a sympathetic listener to the pathetic tale of his own misfortune With peculiar adroitness and cunning he impressed upon the jury that his own restoration to confidence in the eyes of the entire public hung upon the decision of this case—the first he had undertaken since his liberation. He spoke with rare eloquence. As an appeal to the sympathies of a jury it deserved the highest rank.

When the jury had retired he approached me familiarly and said

"Judge, what do you think they will do with my client?"

"Find him guilty, probably," I replied.

"Bet you five dollars they don't!" came the quick reply—and before the verdict was brought in he indulged in a series of pranks and in idle talk which, in a court sitting upon the question of his sanity, would have been sufficient to consign him again to an asylum

A Cutting Rebuke for Smartness

Too much emphasis can scarcely be placed on the common but unfortunate habit of lawyers to indulge in the multiplying of points and the pressing of superfine distinctions. The impression made on the judges by this kind of indulgence is well illustrated by an anecdote of Justice Bradley. A lawyer who prided himself on his ability to pick fine distinctions and make them clear to the court was indulging his penchant when the Justice inquired if he were to understand the point to be thus and so

"Exactly," was the reply of the lawyer, who flattered himself on having made his delicate distinction clear

"Well," returned Justice Bradley, "that is a very smart distinction to draw—and the only trouble with it, sir, is that it is not addressed to a smart court."

This rebuke passed into the traditions of the court and is often repeated as a warning to those who are not content to leave super refinement of argument to the mental gymnastics of debating societies and oratorical contests

It is commonly supposed that a Federal court is a place where the voice of eloquence is never stilled and where the orator is ever at his best. If the term eloquence is used to imply the clothing of clear and convincing logic in the garb of good English, then a great argument is always an eloquent argument, and many such are constantly being heard in the Federal courts, because the gravity and importance of the causes there tried naturally demand the services of the clearest reasoners at the bar

On the other hand, if the word eloquence is employed to designate an impassioned and perhaps ornate appeal to emotion and prejudice, nothing could be more incongruous than eloquence in a United States court. One reason why such an oratorical flight is more out of place in a Federal than in a State court is that in the former the presiding judge has the last speech. In his own way he presents the case anew to the jury, stripping it of all immaterial things, indicating the points on which the verdict should turn, and giving the jury an impartial view and a sound perspective of the matter, both as to the evidence and the law

The Bailiff Who Overruled the Court

Despite the atmosphere of dignity which characterizes the deliberations of a United States court, its usually sombre tone is occasionally relieved by flashes of wit in which a judge sometimes shines. In at least one instance there were discouraging results for the judge whose keen sense of humor would not permit him to miss an opportunity to make a witty remark, although presiding and cloaked in his black gown

This was Judge Jenkins. One lawyer made a remark intended for wit. It brought a smile to the faces of those attending the court. In return the opposing counsel made a happy reply and a murmur of appreciation came from the listeners. This, however, was checked by the Judge, who saw a tempting target for an arrow of wit—and winged it!

Instantly his auditors responded to the hit with a spontaneity which was dangerously near applause. Then the bailiff, who seemed to have been slumbering up to this time started to his feet, pounded his desk with the gavel, and shouted: "Silence in the court! Silence! Silence!" So vigorously did he do his duty that the expression of appreciation for the display of judicial wit was summarily checked and the judge presiding glanced at Judge Jenkins with a look which said almost as plainly as words: "It's hard to have a good point overruled by a bailiff!"

Not all the cases which come before a Federal court depend for their interest upon the legal problems involved or upon the skill of presentation. Often the exacting tedium of discussion is relieved by the unraveling of a case which has all the charm and interest of a veritable romance. In this line the United States District Court has a distinct advantage, as it has exclusive jurisdiction over maritime cases, which seldom fail to possess a picturesque interest.

The United States District Judge is looked upon by every sailor on the high seas or the Great Lakes as a personal protector. That this attitude is well taken may be judged from the fact that a ship may be tied up at dock and held to satisfy a debt of fifty cents due to the humblest sailor of its crew. And the information upon which an action is based may be presented to the court by means of a document as simple as an ordinary letter, and written by the sailor himself, instead of by an intricate paper framed by an expensive lawyer.

A study of the peculiarities of these rough seafaring men is probably the most interesting diversion that comes before a Federal judge in the discharge of his duties As an

Editor's Note—This is the third of three papers addressed to young lawyers just beginning to practice.

example of the interest afforded by this class of litigants, I recall an experience which came to a distinguished jurist, now a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, but formerly a district judge sitting in Detroit. A collision of boats had occurred in the harbor, resulting in the sinking of one of the craft. The case turned upon whether the pilot of the sunken vessel had put his helm to port or to starboard at the moment before the crash: if to port, the officers of the sunken vessel were absolved from responsibility. Every member of the crew of the sunken craft testified that the helm had been put to the port side, while the crew of the other vessel swore with equal unanimity that the helm had been swung to starboard

In this remarkable conflict of testimony the presiding judge conceived a plan which he thought would lead out of this predicament and to the disclosure of the truth

Selecting an "able seaman" from the crew of each ship involved in the controversy, the judge ordered them to descend in diving suits to the sunken vessel and make an examination of the position of the helm. They appeared in court the next day and the pilot from the ship which had escaped comparatively uninjured testified: "She's to starb'd, sir." Then the man who had served on the sunken vessel took the stand and as emphatically testified: "She's to port, sir—to port, hard!"

Realizing that this clever plan had been stranded on the rock of the sailors' loyalty to their ships, and as both court and jury were unwilling to put on divers' suits and descend to the wreck, the judge was finally compelled to base his judgment on circumstantial evidence and the relative veracity of the witnesses.

In the adjudication of maritime cases it has become a recognized proverb that a sailor always "swears by his ship." Very rarely will a seafaring man give evidence that will reflect upon the good management of the vessel on which he has served. His sense of loyalty apparently blinds him to any faults of his captain, mate or pilot. A famous maritime lawyer once facetiously described the method in which sailors are prepared for the witness stand. "We get them together," he said, "and say: 'Now, boys, you're going to swear to the truth, of course. But, in order that you may make no mistake, I'll tell you what the truth of the matter is—and see you stick to it, too!'"

Unread Masses of Evidence

In the method of discharging their work and in the forms and ceremonies of their sessions the Supreme Court and the Circuit Court of Appeals are practically alike

The evidence reaches them in the form of a bulky printed volume, having a page the size of that of an ordinary law-book. A "record" of evidence five hundred pages in length is not uncommon, and sometimes the records run into thousands of pages. Then with each record is submitted at least one lesser volume from each side of the controversy a brief or summary of the vital points of the testimony, together with a skeleton of the argument, which, in most instances, is also presented orally and at greater length.

It is not to be presumed that any judge will read the tedious record of evidence in full. Its purpose is for verification of the points and facts presented in the more concise brief and in the oral argument. Not less than ninety per cent., and probably ninety-five per cent., of the evidence which goes into the voluminous records is sheer waste

Stated, periodical conference days are observed by the judges of the Federal courts. On these occasions the judges assemble and the presiding judge takes up the cases which have been heard, in the order of their trial, points out his views on both sides of the legal propositions involved, and then calls upon the junior member of the court for an oral expression of opinion. Then the other judges, in the inverse order of their terms of service pass upon the case. If there is a general agreement on the decision a member is designated to write the opinion. Occasionally the court is radically divided on certain vital points. Then those who dissent from the position of the majority formulate a "dissenting opinion" which becomes of record. This, however, is not generally done unless those holding minority views regard their opinion as important and vital to a proper construction of the law. When the point of dissent does not seem to involve principles vital to the interests of society or good government, so far as the opinions of the dissenting members are concerned, the views of the minority of the court are not made public in a formal opinion

To those unfamiliar with the scene, the simple ceremonial of the opening of a Federal court is both dignified and impressive. Justices of the United States Supreme Court, nearly all judges of the United States Court of Appeals, and many, probably most, of the judges of the United States Circuit and District Courts, wear gowns. The entrance of the justices and judges of the higher United States courts is generally attended by a formal announcement on the part of the United States marshal. All those present in the court-room rise and stand as the judges enter in order of their seniority on the bench, and the marshal proclaims the court to be in session, ending with the ancient form: "God Save the United States of America and this Honorable Court!

The Jurisdiction of the Courts

In the order of their precedence the United States tribunals are: the District Court, the Circuit Court, the Circuit Court of Appeals, and the Supreme Court. The United States is divided into nine judicial circuits having twenty-seven judges. Broadly speaking, each State is a judicial district; but some of the larger States have two or more districts, and the whole number of district judges is sixty-six. The United States Supreme Court is composed of nine justices.

A United States District Court has exclusive jurisdiction over bankruptcy and maritime cases and concurrent jurisdiction with the United States Circuit Court over such criminal causes as are competent to be heard in a Federal court

In the United States Circuit Court are heard all other kinds of cases coming under the jurisdiction of a United States court. In the main these may be described as cases involving more than $2000, in which the parties to the suit live in different States; cases which arise under Constitutional provisions, as in the instance of patent and copyright contentions and suits relating to the misuse of, or interference with, the United States mails, cases arising under Interstate Commerce regulations; counterfeiting cases; and some minor cases

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals is the first Federal court of review and has final jurisdiction over all cases arising in the District and Circuit Courts save those involving questions of Constitutionality or jurisdiction. These go to the United States Supreme Court, which may order certain other cases certified to it.

Each justice of the United States Supreme Court is assigned a judicial district and may sit in its deliberations, although this is not now so frequently done as in former years. Judges of the United States Circuit Court constitute the Circuit Court of Appeals; but may sit individually as a Circuit Court, as they frequently do. A district judge sits alone in the District Court, but he may also sit in the Circuit Court in his own district or in another district when so assigned by a circuit judge

William Black, Novelist

By Lindsay Swift

THE biographies of literary men and women, excepting always the leaders of an occasional intellectual epoch, are not thought to be especially memorable; in fact, they seldom record careers of action or any large performance. One may therefore be pardoned for approaching a new study of one of the writing brotherhood with something like reluctance. To be sure, no active or honorable life can be really uninteresting, but is even more interesting to the right minded than the histories of distorted or erratic personalities. Still it is natural enough to ask what claim on book-burdened humanity the story of a man like William Black can possibly set up, beyond the fact that for almost a generation he charmed and comforted the English-reading race with a long series of novels, written after that clean and wholesome fashion which sometimes seems confined to insular as contradistinguished from continental literature.

But Sir Wemyss Reid, Black's personal associate in life and letters, has really succeeded in presenting an account of his friend's mortal journey, its even course, and its obstacles and successes—all admirably borne, and quite worth the telling. There is a tidiness and thoroughness in this biography (*Harper & Brothers*) not unsuggestive of Black's own trim and well groomed personality. It was a diligent, persistent, but not strenuous career. He starved in no garret, though he befriended those who did—his success came from hard work and a belief in his own powers. Mr. Reid justly lays stress on Black's fortunate Celtic temperament, which enabled him to paint, with the colors of his excellent imagination, the glories of the western Highlands, a domain which he self confidently preempted as wholly his own. What he at first wanted, but failed, to do, with brush or pencil, he was able to do with words. Even John Ruskin, master of descriptive literature, acknowledged Black's great powers where he himself was supreme. Ruskin was often caviare to the general, but Black brought home to every one the interpretation of that rugged, beautiful part of the world which he loved and understood so well. When he left Jura, Staffa, Iona, Lewis and the Mull, and tried to do for Cornwall what he did for his own land, he did not achieve so much, but that is perhaps because the public expected more than was fair

Of particular interest to us here is Black's warm friendship and admiration for the many Americans whom he knew. Mr. Bowker, Mr. Abbey, and the late Bret Harte, to whom several pages of present value are devoted, and other American friends, were among his close associates. As Black's popularity had waxed, so also, some years before he died, it waned perceptibly in England, but his admirers across the water were true to the first love made evident to them in the pages of Madcap Violet and the Princess of Thule. In fact, his hold on us even increased until his death at the too early age of fifty-seven. It would be ungracious to account for Black's fondness for America on such a ground; he was perfectly sincere in this as in all things, and was not absurdly optimistic. He even wrote to a friend after a visit to the United States that he had found in Martin Chuzzlewit much that was "marvelously accurate" about the country even to day.

What Mr. Reid tells us of Black's methods of work is highly interesting. He wrote on alternate days, and on the other days would take long walks or pace incessantly up and down—in one period of gestation on the old chain pier at Brighton—thinking out not only his plot, but the actual form and phrasing, so that his productive season was mostly spent in writing out what he had clearly shaped already. He wrote about six hours during his writing days, half in the morning, half in the afternoon. He allowed no noise, no visitors, no distractions whatever; even his desk faced the wall. His household strongly respected his arrangements, and outsiders had to.

With a hard training as "merchant's clerk, journalist, essayist and editor," Black honestly believed that he had learned his trade as novelist. This made him intolerant of critics, or rather indifferent to them, for it is doubtful if he ever read more than one or two reviews of his novels during his whole career. "I know my own business," he once said, in condemning criticism as either "obvious or foolish." This was the foible of a man who was not great, but honest and in earnest—"the very standard," Mr. Reid says, "of manly honor, tenderness and good faith." Had he listened, however, a little more patiently to those who advised with an equal good faith, he might have avoided one fault from which his works suffer, a grievous mannerism, for a long time gracefully accepted because of its novelty, but becoming at last almost insufferable.

Not the least agreeable feature of this intimate narrative is the glimpse now and then into the novelist's playful side. He writes to one correspondent who inquired into a matter of spelling that the singular of the word in question is "oas-is" and the plural, of course, is "oas-are." He relates a visit of Tennyson to the great telescope at South Kensington. Having swept the heavens observantly the poet quietly remarked, "After seeing that one does not think so much of the county families!" Black confessed that his ambition was to have some one name a pill after one of his heroines "in the way of glo[illegible] [illegible]cambo was his favorite [illegible] and he would play [illegible]

His religious views, his biographer says, are best expressed in his story, In Far Lochaber, wherein he reveals "that atmosphere of love and good will and unselfishness in which he has come to recognize the essence of genuine religion

Thus passed, busily and prosperously, an honorable career, blessed with the love of wife, children and friends. In his early days he cherished a violent but honorable attachment for a woman much older than himself, but rounded safely the cape of youthful passion, and came into the calm waters of a well-ordered life.

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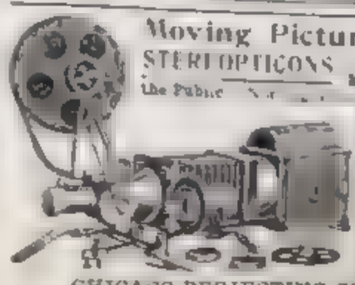

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The Quest of One's Grandfather

By GWENDOLYN DUNLEVY KELLEY

THE genealogical tree is of very ancient origin and scarcely needs explaining, for its form—on paper or parchment or in oil—resembles that from which it derives its name, with main trunk, or body, dividing into limbs and large branches, which constantly subdivide into smaller ones as the arms become farther and farther removed from the original trunk. Genealogical trees are at times seen rich in colors, with leaves and elaborations, and should properly be hung, with the illuminated coat-of arms of the family, in the hall or library (sometimes in the dining-room), and should be associated with the family portraits, etc

In practical, rather than decorative, uses our "tree" loses its curves and naturalistic form, and is reduced to a mere skeleton of lines, each successive generation being on a different parallel as it is more or less removed from the head of the family. Dividing with the two parents, and subdividing with the four grandparents, and so on, the brothers and sisters of each generation are arranged, as it were, on a limb of the family tree.

Circles, concentrically arranged, each of which represents a generation (the innermost circle representing the latest generation), are less decorative, but fully as easy to arrange and to use as a diagram, in glancing at which one can quickly and without confusion take a bird's-eye geographical survey of the location of each ancestor in relation to one's self. (This, of course, does not include the side lines—of brothers and sisters and their descendants—unless written on the back.) A large square sheet of architect's paper should be used, and the circles divided in half for the two sides of the house, and intersected by radiating lines with each generation; the date of marriage being inserted in the line, and dates of birth and death being always written beneath each name.

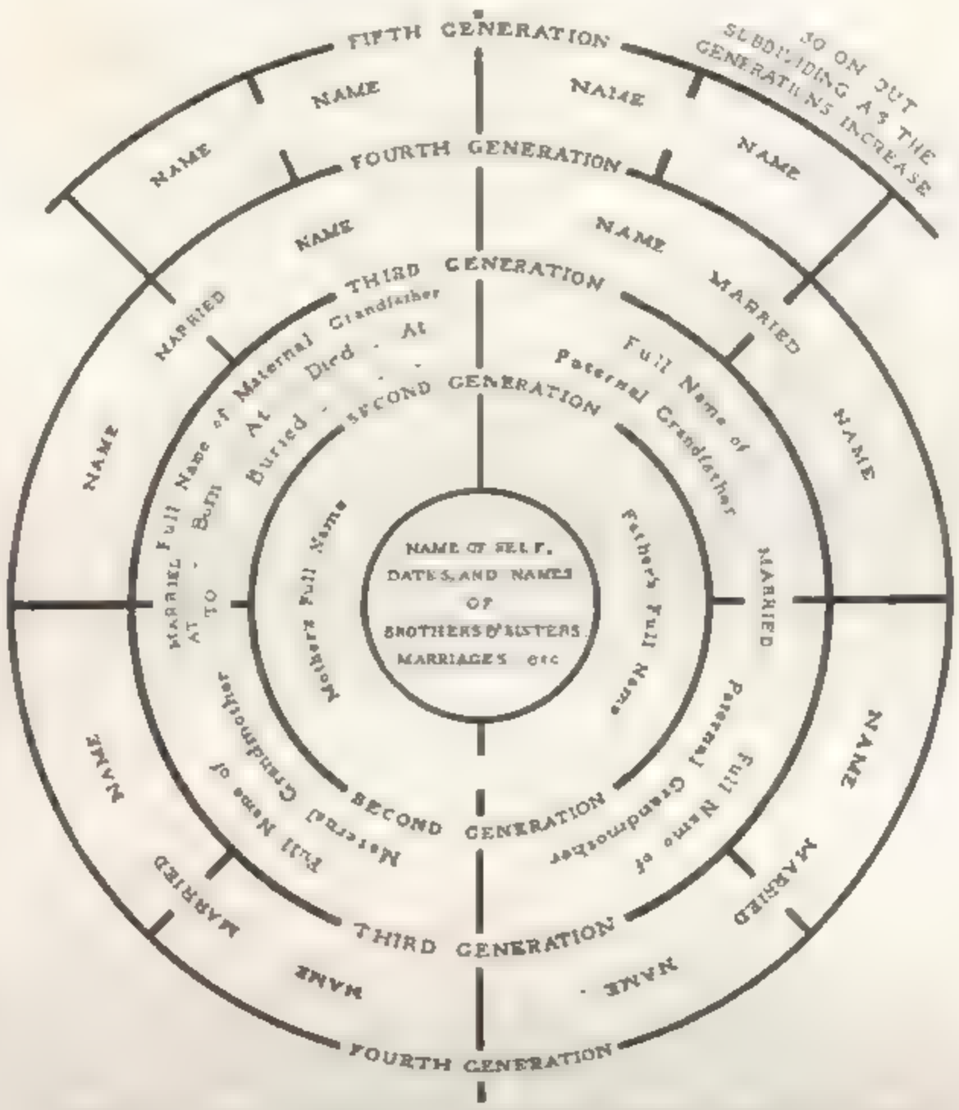
Thus circle 1, innermost, will represent the maker of the record. Generation circle 2 will be two semi circles—two parents. Generation circle 3 will subdivide into quarter segments, representing four grandparents. Generation circle 4 subdivides into eight, showing great-grandparents. And so on.

How to embark in quest of one's grandfather with some one else at the helm!—this, it is almost superfluous to say, is the easiest route to the shores of the Past, but in choosing it does the voyager not miss much that is interesting and the experience of an exultant thrill on arriving at some long desired fact which is to complete his chain of evidence, which is unlike all other thrills, and which is second only to that of Columbus on his discovery of America!

When he leaves to the "professional genealogist" the analysis of the true inwardness of his family, the tracing of its history, traits, valor, brains and morals from the days of its Colonial infancy to those of wireless telegraphy, he must needs forego all genealogical pangs and thrills, and calmly await the finished results of his money. This the skilled professional (albeit having no personal interest to lighten his labors) has well earned, by the toils of his or her researches into the histories and records of many places, the digging up of old certificates, licenses and wills, their copying and verification by a notary public or other high Mogul (as a State genealogist), whose signature and seal may be required to admit Mrs. Newgold into the "Society of Arch-Aristocrats Blue Bloods," descendants of Mayflower or Pilgrim.

At times the conscientious professional genealogist (of which each State has its specialists) is driven to the point of tearing his patriotic hair in the face of Mrs. Newgold's demand to be qualified to join the Society of the Descendants of Emperors, Shahs and Rajahs, and even occasionally such insignificant creatures as Kings! The progeny of Royalty (of almost every known country) is indeed stupendous—almost vying with Noah's descendants in the peopling of the earth, and evoking the smiles of Mr. Up-to-date, the arch enemy and next-door neighbor of Mrs. Newgold

Laying aside such banter, it may be well, in concluding, to add a few serious words for those who desire to enter some of the oldest and best of the genealogical or historical societies of the United States. These are too numerous to be dealt with in detail. The society composed of descendants of the Mayflower Pilgrims and those of the Colonial Governors hold many fine records of valuable



In addition to the *names* as indicated in the diagram each division should contain Date and place of Birth; date and place of Death, and place of Burial. The date and place of Marriage may go in the spaces between each *pair* of divisions.

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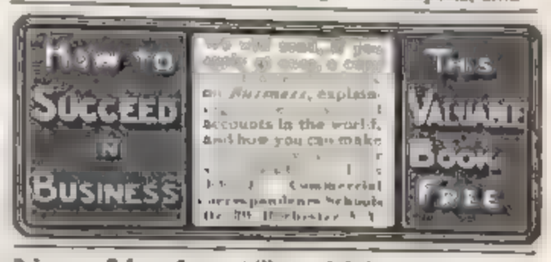

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services of some of the best of our earliest settlers, as also does that of the Colonial Dames of America.

The requirements for admission to the Colonial Dames are as follows:

> The Society shall be composed of State Societies, of which there shall be one in each of the thirteen original States and one in the District of Columbia. The objects of the Society shall be to collect and preserve manuscripts, traditions, relics and mementos of bygone days; to preserve and restore buildings connected with the early history of our country, etc. The "Insignia" is also provided for. Women of not less than twenty-one may enter, but each applicant must have a proposer and seconder, both of whom must be members of the State Society of the State in which she *resides*. She must be approved by her State, duplicate sets of papers must be made out, one of which ultimately goes into the Society's archives in Washington, the other to her State Society. Each member may invite and indorse a candidate through the ancestral State Society—being limited to one invitation and one indorsement each year—and so on. The members must be women descended in their own right from some ancestor of worthy life who came to reside in our American Colonies prior to 1750. All services constituting a claim to entrance must have been rendered before July 5, 1776. The positions these ancestors must have occupied or the services they must have rendered are also set forth, etc.

The province of these societies is to insure the preservation of historically valuable records and heirlooms, to honor the memories of the early pilots of our country and Government, and to trace the lines of their descendants as they spread through the original States and westward. At the same time, these societies carry on wider patriotic works; they erect monuments, and buy and repair historic buildings and sites which would otherwise be irreparably lost.

In times of war these men and women aid vastly in the relief sent to our soldiers and sailors. Probably, if all the good accomplished by them during our late war with Spain could be shown, Mr. Up-to-date would have cause to marvel, and would probably change his notions as to the usefulness of such organizations.

Even more extended, because of their larger proportions, is the work of such societies as the Daughters of the American Revolution (D. A. R.). Their patriotism is not any the less even though their rules make entrance to them a somewhat easier process. The objects and the requirements for admission are as follows:

> OBJECTS—To perpetuate the memory of the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and erection of monuments, by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution and the publication of results, etc.
>
> ELIGIBILITY—Any woman may be eligible for membership who is of the age of eighteen years, and who is descended from a man or woman who, with unfailing loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of Independence; from a recognized patriot, a soldier or sailor or civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States, provided that the applicant be acceptable to the Society. Every applicant must be indorsed by at least one member of the National Society, after which her application will be submitted to the higher powers and considered. The "Sons" of the American Revolution is a similar organization for men.

The Work of a Patriotic Organization

Perhaps one of their works of greatest present importance and most vital necessity is the aid they are lending toward the equipment and maintenance of the Manila Library, with its branch circulating system which carries books and periodicals to our American soldiers in the interior and the remote provinces. The organization of this great humane work, in the face of heavy odds and with nothing to start on, is due principally to the efforts of two large-souled women, Mrs. Colonel Greenleaf and Mrs. Egbert, the widow of the late Colonel Egbert. Any one hearing the stirring description given by the former, on her return from the Philippines, of the pathetic craving of the soldiers for anything and everything in the shape of reading matter, would realize (as one could not dream of doing before) that nowhere is a library more needed than in Manila! Let us hope that Mr. Carnegie, in his wide and nobly planned work, may realize the exigencies of this case and erect the greatly needed building in Manila, where the library may find a home worthy of him and of the Americans to whom it would be such an incalculable blessing.

In a limited space it has been impossible to do more than touch upon a few of the manifold phases of genealogy. There are many excellent paths which may be followed in the tracing of one's antecedents. I have sought only to suggest a few new points of view to him who, for the first time, hesitatingly looks back into the trails of his ancestry across the shady stretches of Time, scarcely conscious that "we, too, are posterity, 'though mebby we don't realize it as we ort to!"—the forcible words of Marietta Holley.

Proof and Pattern Coins

THE most beautiful coins made by Uncle Sam are rarely seen by the general public. They are what are called "proof pieces," and are specially struck for collectors and other persons who are willing to pay the price asked for them—only a small advance over their face value. Anybody may get these coins by applying to the Mint, in Philadelphia.

In their designs these pieces do not differ from ordinary coins of like denominations, but they are much more carefully minted. Special dies, used for striking them, are cleaned of the least possible particle of dust as a preliminary, and the metal disks, or "blanks," employed are polished beforehand until their shine becomes positively dazzling. Collectors usually keep them in little pouches of chamois-skin, so that their brilliance may suffer no impairment.

Whenever a coin of new design is wanted several samples of different patterns, to afford latitude for choice, are turned out at the Philadelphia Mint. Usually, to save expense, they are struck in base metal, such as copper or tin; and in this shape the "trial pieces," as they are called, are sent on to Washington, where they are submitted to the coinage committees of the Senate and House of Representatives. One out of the lot is selected, and, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, becomes the model for the new issue.

In this way it comes about that gold eagles and double-eagles, silver dollars and half-dollars, and other coins are struck in tin or copper. Brass, aluminum and platinum have been similarly employed. Such pattern pieces are not infrequently made, and, quite naturally, collectors are eager to get hold of them; but such a thing is not permitted, and, were any collector to be known to have in his possession a coin of this kind, the Secret Service would make every effort to confiscate it.

Up to the year 1887, however, such pattern pieces were actually sold by the Mint, very high prices being asked for them. Having secured considerable profits in this way, the Government suddenly turned about, and, declaring that nobody had a right to possess coins of the kind, attempted to confiscate some that were in the hands of collectors—notably a lot of them which were included in the collection of the late H. L. Linderman, of Philadelphia, who had been formerly Director of the Mint. This effort was defeated, but since that time (1887) the rule above stated has held.

Pattern pieces of dates up to 1887 may be owned by anybody. Some of them are very valuable, and the Treasury has actually refused an offer of $5000 for a gold pattern of the double-eagle of 1849, which is preserved in the Philadelphia Mint.

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"WHEN Grover Cleveland was President," said Mr. Joseph E. Ralph, of Washington, "he frequently enjoyed a day's fishing along the upper Potomac. On these outings he lodged at the house of a rough and hearty farmer.

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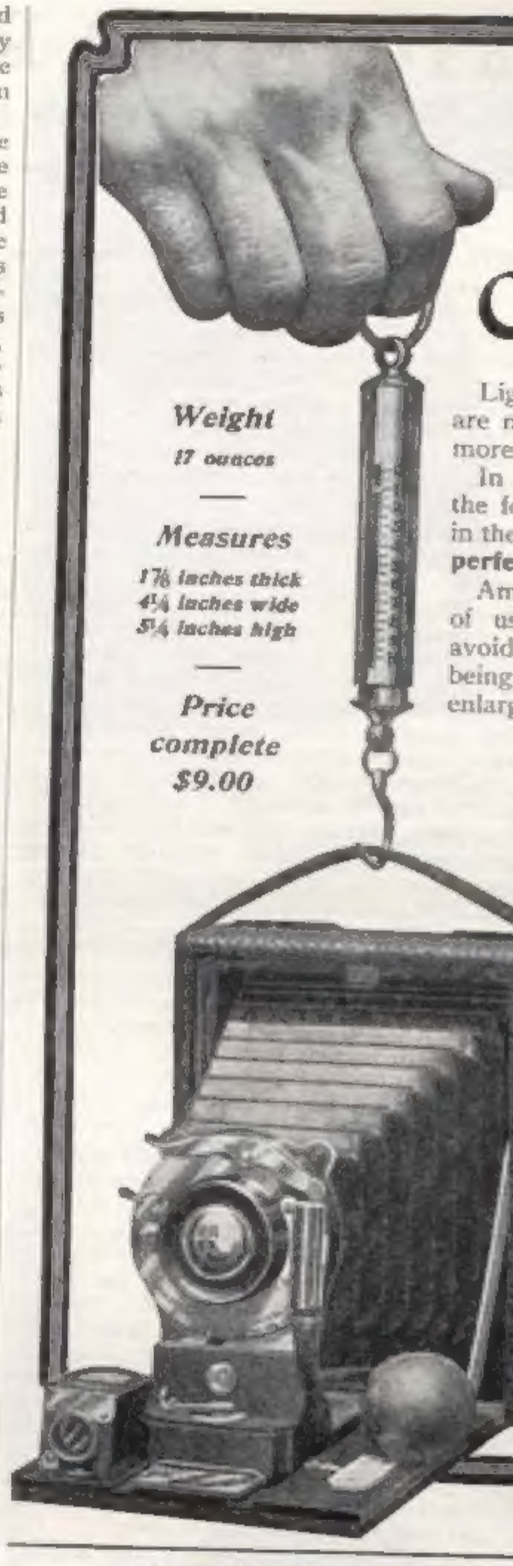
"'Mr. President,' said the farmer, 'we're goin' to hev fish in your honor for breakfast. Will you hev 'em skun or unskun?'

"'I'll take 'em skun,' laughed the President, rolling over for another sleep."



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LITERARY FOLK

Their ways and their work

THE following of Sir Gilbert Parker's knighthood among the coronation honors is an illustration of the "true romance," the romance of actual life, as well as a tribute to the romance of letters. It is of interest to Americans because Americans have given Sir Gilbert a wider popularity than he has enjoyed in England, and further, his birth just across the line in Canada, his American marriage, and his frequent visits to American cities, have yielded us a sense of personal kinship which is not felt even in the case of so eminent a man of letters as Sir Leslie Stephen.

More than this, the variety of Sir Gilbert's career presses his novels hard in point of picturesqueness. Some years ago there was a photograph extant which exhibited a most decorous presentment of a young man in a white surplice whose name was Gilbert Parker. At the time he was a lay reader—an assistant curate, as it were—in a Canadian church, although he never actually took orders. Had he continued and adopted a professional association with the Church literature might have lost much, but the pulpit would have gained a most impressive orator.

At another period of his early Canadian life Mr. Parker was the assistant superintendent of a deaf and dumb asylum, where he acquired a knowledge of sign language which he is said to possess to this day. Later his life was that of a traveling newspaper correspondent; and he was an Australian journalist.

Sir Gilbert's beginnings as a story-teller were nearly contemporary with the discovery that somebody in India named Kipling was writing certain remarkable tales of Soldiers Three and the Indian Hills. The Canadian pine and the Indian palm came to light at practically the same time, but the palm thrived with all the luxuriance of a tropical clime, while the pine languished in a chillier atmosphere. Out of the imaginative appeal made by the riches of Hudson's Bay Company life came Mr. Parker's Chief Factor, but this, and other early work, somewhat obscurely published, failed to arrest attention. Thereupon the author developed the adventurer type, half hero, half villain, which has been so conspicuous in many of his books.

With the invention of Pierre, that picturesque Romany of the Snows, there came a well deserved measure of literary esteem, although Fortune still held the crown of popular favor in suspense. There were a few who believed in Parker and his future, even though his next two or three novels failed of success, and among these prophets there was none more steadfast than the author himself. His pluck and energy and confidence in his ultimate "arrival" were magnificent, and they have been justified to the full by the outcome. With that charming story When Valmond Came to Pontiac he won a wide literary reputation, and with The Seats of the Mighty, his largest and most important book up to that time, he gained the public and knew the rewards of a popular success.

The reasons for Sir Gilbert's knighthood may have been political rather than literary. Although he represents a London constituency in Parliament, his association with Canada may have counted for much at this time of Colonial good will. What the exact reasons were is not important. Very likely Sir Gilbert will not write another Canadian novel. His next book is to be a volume of Egyptian short stories, and his next novel, A Tyrant and A Lady, soon to be published in these columns, will find its theme in Egypt. The point is that, irrespective of Canada and of politics, this knighthood is the crowning of a self-reliant and masterful purpose, and a brilliant phase of a remarkable career.

The knighting of Conan Doyle is an honor bestowed upon the English champion of the Boer War rather than the author of The White Company or the discoverer of Sherlock Holmes, but the Americans who found the author so much of a good fellow and manly man at the time of his lecture tour among us a few years since will rejoice in his good fortune.

For Doyle the first appearance on the lecture platform was a serious matter. It took place in a New York church. The audience was calm but sympathetic. The lecturer was anything but calm, and the beads of perspiration on his brow, when he was receiving congratulations afterward, showed nothing of the imperturbability of Sherlock Holmes.

Possibly Doyle had heard tales of disregard of social ethics by English visitors; for example, the eminent professor who appeared at a luncheon in a flannel shirt, and the Duke of S——, who presented himself at a wedding in a flamboyant sack suit, rolled-up trousers and walking-shoes. Doyle himself was most punctilious and yet he came to grief. A tale of woe arose from a town adjacent to New York. In its length and breadth it involved a dinner-party at a private house previous to a lecture, the late appearance of Doyle, who declined to join the guests and requested a dinner by himself, and his sudden disappearance after the lecture, regardless of the reception which awaited him. For all this the unfortunate English visitor was blamed, and to this day there are few who know the truth of the incident, which was simply a sartorial tragedy. The baggage department of the railroad was responsible. The lecturer's evening clothes failed to make connection. With the fear of social misdemeanor before his eyes, he shrank from submitting himself to the too close and curious inspection of a dinner-table and took refuge in solitude. Fortunately he wore black clothes. An adroit jugglery with pins changed his coat and waistcoat to a semblance of the conventional claw-hammer, and he ventured to face the long-range ordeal of the platform. But when the prospect of the intimate scrutiny of the reception arose before him the creator of Sherlock Holmes sought safety in flight. All of which forms a postscript for Sartor Resartus which has never been written in full.

One of the many curious features of recent publishing seasons has been the lack of new discoveries in England. Ten years or so ago Kipling, Hope and Weyman were newcomers, and for some time afterward there were more or less meteoric appearances—like Sarah Grand with the Heavenly Twins, Benson with Dodo, Miss Harraden with Ships that Pass in the Night, Parker with The Seats of the Mighty, Mrs. Caffyn with A Yellow Aster, and a baker's dozen of other writers whose initial success carried something of the sensational. Three or four years ago there began an era of great American successes, headed by David Harum, a manuscript rescued practically from the flames after it had gone the rounds of the publishing houses.

It is good to find the American writer coming into his own, but why should the English author have fallen from his high estate? Therein is presented a side of the American invasion of England which has a claim to consideration even though skyscrapers for London, underground roads, American hotels and shipping combinations loom larger in the public eye. The Americanization of fiction may even be modestly mentioned in the same breath with the Morganization of industry. Possibly there may yet be a combination in fiction duly organized on the approved principles of the Trust, and America may buy out and absorb English novelists very much as English steamship lines have been taken to American bosoms.

In that case it is certain that under present conditions the actual valuation of English novelists would be below that of their American brethren. In such a market Kipling would rate much below Winston Churchill, and in spite of the somewhat restricted success of Dorothy Vernon, Mr. Major would have a higher valuation than Anthony Hope. On the basis of Eben Holden's popularity the figures set opposite Mr. Bacheller's name would exceed the estimate for Doctor Doyle. One may well pity the appraiser in view of the keenness of literary susceptibilities. That writers of America, a country discovered only since the Venezuelan Message or the Spanish War, should outclass their English contemporaries in the market-place would chill the present amicable international concord, at least among English writing folk. As for the appraisal of American novelists, the valuation of plants for a two-billion-dollar Steel Trust would be easy in comparison.

Possibly some one may undertake the like for literary plants, if the expression can be pardoned, with a view to combination in a Literary Trust and the confusion of publishers, but the Pierpont Morgan of literary enterprise is not yet in evidence. —*J. W.*

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GEO. E. MARSHALL, 101 State St., CHICAGO

The Reading Table

A Tale of Teddy, Junior

President Theodore Roosevelt takes the keenest delight in eluding the Secret Service guardians, and apparently he has no fear whatever of personal danger. He cannot, however, escape the vigilance of his family. One of the most tireless guardians of the head of the nation is young Teddy, the President's oldest son.

Not long ago the President gave a dinner to some personal and political friends, and after coffee had been served the conversation turned to deeds of valor with firearms. The President, so the story goes, casually remarked that he had never owned a self-cocking revolver and did not even know how to operate one. The conversation drifted away to other things and the President forgot all about the neglected portion of his education, so far as self-cocking revolvers were concerned, until the next morning.

It was just a few moments before the President was to leave for a trip out of the city where he was to be the guest of a municipality which had made great preparations for his reception. There was to be an immense crowd and it was thought that the danger to the President would be greater than usual. He was talking to a friend in the Cabinet room when Teddy, Junior, came into the apartment. Drawing a self-cocking revolver from his pocket he presented it to his father with the remark that he did not propose to have his father go around unprotected. The President protested that he did not know how it worked. Teddy, Junior, thereupon withdrew the cartridges and in a very matter-of-fact way said: "Well, father, I will show you."

He demonstrated that the mechanism of the firearm was all right. The President was an obedient pupil and after he had been thoroughly schooled by the youngster he tried the revolver himself. He found that it worked perfectly, and replaced the cartridges, putting the revolver in his pocket. Then throwing his arm about the boy's neck he said, in a voice filled with gratitude and pride: "It was very thoughtful of you, Teddy, my boy."

Teddy had gone out and bought the revolver himself out of his own pocket money.

Reading Admiral Evans

When Admirals Evans and Schley were both assigned to duty on the Light House Board, which convenes in rooms at the Treasury in Washington, the colored messenger at the door one morning stopped Admiral Schley.

"I wish," said the darky, "you would speak a kind word to Com'dore Evans for me. He's done got it in for me."

"You must be mistaken, George," Schley replied. "I happen to know that Commodore Evans, like the rest of us, thinks highly of your distinguished services."

"Oh, I's sure," persisted the colored man, "that Com'dore Evans don't like me no more."

"What makes you think so?" demanded Schley.

"Well," explained the messenger, "usually when Com'dore Evans arrives in the mornin' he says: 'Hello, George, you blankety-blank-blank fool, how are you?' but dis mornin' he done say merely: 'Hello, George.' The Com'dore must surely taken a pow'ful dislike to me."

Where to Catch Trout Tenderloin

The United States Fish Commission would be glad to obtain from Congress an appropriation for a catfish hatchery at Morgan City, Illinois, or in that neighborhood. It appears that there is an immense demand for fish of this kind in the Southwest, and much profit might be secured by planting the small "fry" in streams tributary to the Mississippi. Already Morgan City exports no less than 2,000,000 pounds of catfish annually, much of it consumed in Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico and Colorado, though not a little goes to Missouri and as far north as Illinois.

These catfish are not the small "bullheads" familiar to every boy who knows the ponds and streams of the Eastern and Middle States. They belong to the same family, and are similar in appearance, but grow to gigantic size, running in weight from 30 to 150 pounds. Their flesh is delicious, as may be judged from the fact that in St. Louis, Chicago and other cities it is served in restaurants at seventy-five cents a slice, under the name of "trout tenderloin." This does not mean that it is a substitute, however. Trout tenderloin is always catfish, and is unsurpassed in the opinion of epicures.

There are quite a number of species of these Mississippi catfish, and half a dozen of them are of commercial importance. To hatch them artificially would not be at all difficult or expensive, though their eggs cannot be incubated in glass jars like those of the shad or the whitefish. They have to be propagated in ponds like black bass, being, like the latter, nest-building fishes.

In the lowlands of Louisiana, in the neighborhood of the Mississippi River, are plenty of places where such ponds might be established and stocked at small cost. The catfish under such conditions, furnished with food and protected against lamprey eels and other enemies, would breed rapidly, and the fry when of a finger's length could be allowed to escape into near-by streams. Thus many millions of the fishes might be added annually to the available supply, and trout tenderloin would soon become a much more widely known and popular delicacy than it is at present.

When Vest Took Off His Coat

Senator Vest has artificial teeth, and is not at all ashamed of it; on the contrary, the relief that he has felt since he had all his natural ones taken out, many years ago, makes him rather proud of the false ones. One day, soon after the artificial set was "fitted," he started on horseback for a country town, ten miles or so from his home in Missouri, where he had to argue an important law case. It was a cold, bleak day in November, but he tried to forget the discomfort of his ride by thinking over the case and rehearsing his speech.

About half-way to his destination he had to ford a stream, as no bridge had then been built. His horse took the water well, and was getting along finely, when suddenly he stepped off a ledge into deep water, and had to swim for it. Mr. Vest did not lose his seat, but in the excitement of the moment he did lose his teeth.

As he was then only a short distance from the other bank he urged his horse on, and soon landed; but what to do without his teeth? It was a case of no teeth no speech.

So he tied his horse to a tree, removed his clothing, and dived to the bottom of that almost ice-cold stream until he found his teeth. He had to dive six times, but he got them at last—and won his case.

The Sparrow and the Eagle

When the new British Ambassador to this country, the Honorable Michael Henry Herbert, was Secretary of the British Legation in Washington several years ago, President Roosevelt was on the Civil Service Commission. They were great friends. Having common tastes in outdoor sports they frequently spent their afternoons together. It is said that when the British Government asked if Herbert's appointment would be satisfactory, the President gave a shout of delight before hurrying to dictate a favorable reply.

President Roosevelt has already had proof of Ambassador Herbert's deftness in diplomacy. Returning across country one day from a baseball game where they had been shouting for the Washington team, Mr. Roosevelt called attention to clamoring flocks of English sparrows.

"They are the enemies and tyrannical masters of nearly everything that flies—or at least that used to dare to fly—hereabouts," remarked the outspoken Civil Service Commissioner. "I don't want to offend, Herbert, but the truth is there was too much Anglomania in the air when your sparrows were let loose upon us. They are a calamity to the country."

"They are virile and predatory, I admit," replied the diplomat; "but your country," he added good naturedly, "need have no fear so long as you maintain in your national aviary the one bird that all the sparrows in our Empire could not alarm."

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At the close of the Franco-Prussian War he forwarded to his editor, in advance of their adoption, the full terms of the treaty of Berlin, which ceded to Prussia Alsace and Lorraine. Bismarck never forgave him this astonishing coup and for years intrigued openly and covertly to learn the means by which he had brought it about. The Vengeance of Venus, as M. de Blowitz calls the story of his battle with the most ingenious of these attempts, the secret mission and bold intrigue of the Princess Kralta, is told in the first of the series of reminiscences that he has written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. This is a chapter worthy of Richelieu, and is as absorbingly interesting as the plots of Milady in Dumas.

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London Echoes

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

ARRANGEMENTS have just been concluded with Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., for a fortnightly London Letter, devoted to timely topics of especial interest to Americans. Mr. O'Connor, or "Tay Pay" as his friends call him, is well known on both sides of the water as one of the cleverest journalists in England. He is the Editor of M. A. P. (Mainly About People); is the husband of an American wife, and is perhaps the most brilliant of the younger coterie of Irish M. P.'s. His entertaining London Letters will keep POST readers abreast with what is doing at the English capital.

A Tyrant and a Lady

A STIRRING LOVE STORY

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